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Editorials Analysis Opinion

PAGE 6 ASTORIA, OREGON, TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1972

## Need to Stop Nixon Busing Moves

President Nixon's proposals against busing of children for racial reasons are making little, if any, headway in Congress. That is heartening, because the President's proposals were irresponsible and seemed to be motivated by election-year politics.

Testimony so far on Capitol Hill has been nearly all negative on measures to:

— Forbid implementation of any new busing ordered by courts for the purpose of desegregating schools until July 1973.

— Set strict new limits on how the courts could deal with segregation in the future. (Busing could be ordered only as a last resort and never for elementary-age pupils, and current desegregation orders could be "reopened and modified" to comply with proposed new policy.)

— Channel \$2.5 billion already pending in Congress into programs for youngsters in poor school districts.

The President's proposals to tell the courts what to do and not to do in desegregation cases are a clear challenge to the American constitutional system.

Article 3, Section 1, of the Constitution gives judicial power exclusively to the courts, so it is highly unlikely that Mr. Nixon's desired restrictions on the courts will be able to stand up. For Mr. Nixon, who is a lawyer, to presume to be able to interfere with the courts is recklessness with the constitutional system. Such irresponsible talk may lower the prestige of the courts in the eyes of many Americans at a time when the rule of law needs respect.

It may be true that some courts have gone past the Supreme Court's decision on busing, which is that courts may order busing as one means of desegregating a school district that has been segregated intentionally. Generally, busing has been ordered by the courts in cases where school boards and administrators have refused to draw plans to desegregate school systems — not to achieve a mathematical - racial balance in a district.

However, busing has been ordered in some cases in what has appeared to be unwise ways, and President Nixon is quick to point to such instances.

The point is, however, that no President has the power under the American system to tell the courts what to do, and that's what Mr. Nixon is trying to do.

The President's spending proposal — \$2.5 billion for all disadvantaged poor and minority children in the big central cities and rural areas — appears to be a sham. Because the money would do no good? No, it's a sham because it promises unrealistic things and because of Mr. Nixon's record in this respect.

## In Days Gone By

Fifty years ago: Astoria Evening Budget, April 11, 1922. Commerce authorized a campaign for raising \$300,000 for a new hotel in Astoria.

The Astoria Chamber of



BERRY'S WORLD

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"... And another thing—have you ever wondered why nobody sees flying saucers any more? ..."

### Quotable

"The government collects an unbelievable large amount of money from Social Security taxes. Something like \$42 billion dollars last year, and you know that whenever they're raking in that kind of money, there's bound to be something fishy. The first fish is how heavily this tax comes down on the poor. Last year a person making \$7,800 paid 5 per cent of his income to Social Security while someone making \$30,000 paid slightly more than 1 per cent."

— Columnist Nicholas von Hoffman.

Twenty-five years ago: Astorian Evening Budget, April 11, 1947.

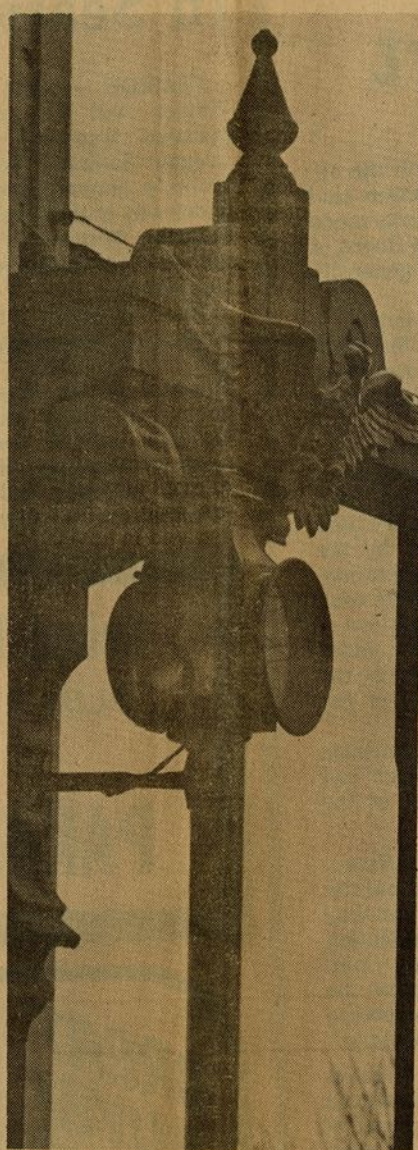
A slide near Bradwood pushed 300 feet of railroad track and a \$40,000 shovel into the Columbia River.

Fear for the future safety of Seaside's Avenue A and First Avenue bridges were expressed by Seaside City Engineer R. R. Shawcross.

Fifteen years ago: Astorian Evening Budget, April 11, 1957.

A fund of \$700 was started by Assn. for Mentally Retarded Children to obtain furniture for a special class whenever it started in the Astoria schools.

Dr. Albert Tester, head of Pacific Ocean Fisheries, was in Astoria to discuss a survey of the Pacific Coast in a search of tuna.



Ornate Lantern

Editor's note: Roger Tetlow, a Lincoln County teacher and student, is researching the history of Astoria and of Astoria newspapers. In this article, he writes of some of the city's old dwellings.

By ROGER TETLOW

The oldest home in Clatsop County, if it is still standing today, is 552 years old this year.

Incredible, you say? Well, perhaps, but we have to take the word of R.E. Jackson, a city route agent for the "Astorian" in the 1880's, who found the house, fixed it up, and lived in it for a number of years. It may be there yet, a bit rundown perhaps, but a house like Mr. Jackson's would probably outlast ten brick buildings. You see, Mr. R.E. Jackson lived in the stump of a tree.

There is really nothing so strange about this. Down in Tillamook County, in its historical museum, there is a replica of a tree stump in which one of the first settlers in that area lived for a time. So there is a precedent for this type of dwelling.

Lewis and Clark Area

Jackson's house was about 12 miles from Astoria in the Lewis and Clark district. He apparently found the big stump, dug around the roots of the monster, trimmed it out, cut a door and a window, and made a habitable room about 9x15 feet that "beats nothing all to pieces", as the "Astorian" said in an article written in 1885.

The "Astorian" was always interested in houses and its early pages are filled with accounts of the places in which people lived. D.C. Ireland, the founder of the newspaper, was especially rabid on this subject, constantly boosting the construction of residences and sniping away at businessmen in the community who persisted in erecting buildings for other purposes.

In 1877, he leveled a blast at this practice:

"Gentlemen, do for heaven's sake build us something in Astoria besides brothels and their attendant iniquities. We have had quite enough of them. Put your money into dwelling houses for respectable families, who would come here for their permanent homes, were it not for the growing and paralyzing influences of this immoral element. Do give us a rest from any more such fictitious appearance of business, and we do here allude to every one of these pestilential blotches on the fair fame of Astoria. For each one of these that are built, ten respectable families are kept away. Society suffers, the best interests of society suffer, our deserving little city suffers from the blight. Shall we say more?"

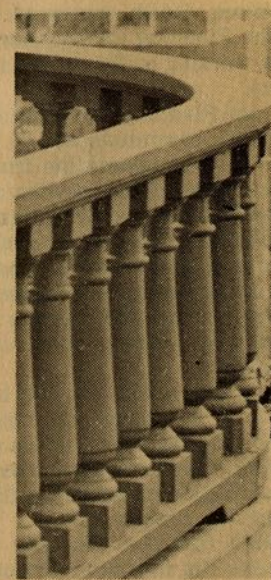
Kept Record of New Houses

To encourage the builders of residences,

## When Building A House Was Big News



Capt. J.H.D. Gray's House



Railing Curves

Ireland made a practice of keeping his readers informed on the construction of houses throughout the city. He would make a note of the plans to build and then use follow-up stories on the construction and subsequent occupancy of these residences. An example of this would be the play he gave to the construction of Capt. J.H.D. Gray's house:

Sept. 11, 1880—Materials are arriving on the ground for a neat home for Capt. J.H.D. Gray on West Sixth (now 17th Street) to cost \$2,000.

Sept. 16, 1880—That new frame you see being erected on the hill back of Hon. A. Van Dusen's residence is intended for Capt. J.H.D. Gray's future residence, and when finished, will present a very imposing appearance.

Oct. 6, 1880—Capt. J.H.D. Gray's new house begins to bear a beautiful and imposing appearance on the hill.

Dec. 8, 1880—Four of the neatest homes in Astoria are those built for Capt. J.H.D. Gray, Councilman John Hahn, C.P. Upshur and Mr. Wm. G. Ross. They all occupy sightly locations and add greatly to the appearance of the city."

Information in Column

Ireland was a genial soul, well-liked, and highly regarded by the citizens of Astoria. One of the most engaging features of the "Astorian" of the 1870's was a column in which he set down from day to day, odd bits of interesting information and this column is a good source for information on the old houses of Astoria. Many times, he would simply put in a brief item without regard for the exact location of the house which leaves researchers in a bit of a quandary when trying to pin down the exact date of the building of any individual house in the city.

In 1877, he inserted the following items into his column.

May 26—Capt. N.F. Mudge is preparing to build a new house for his residence.

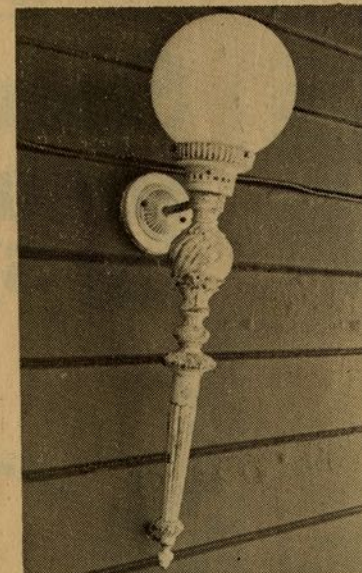
June 2—Hon. W.D. Hare is preparing to build a residence for himself in this city.

June 23—A fine residence for Capt. E.C. Merriman, Inspector of the 13th Lighthouse district is now going up.

Occasionally, Ireland would expand the news story, using it as a kind of editorial. On July 29, 1877, he wrote:

"The fine two-story house built by Capt. Boelling in the orchard on the corner of Astor and Lafayette streets (8th and Exchange) is now completed and has been leased to Mr. E.C. Holden, who will move into it with his family sometime this week. Good dwelling houses for rent are scarce in this city. We are informed that there were four of five heads of families who were applicants for Capt. Boelling's nice, new house."

J.F. Halloran, the second owner of the "Astorian" kept up the practice and in



Like a Torch



Capt. Boelling's 'Nice New House'



# Clatsop County Courthouse had turbulent beginning

By ROGER TETLOW  
For The Daily Astorian

Today, after almost seventy years of existence, the Clatsop County Courthouse looks as if it had been there forever. It is a serene, peaceful old building which shows its age a bit but is still in good enough shape to be the home of Clatsop County officials for many years to come.

The average person looking at the old building today would think that it came into existence as peacefully as its appearance, but that was not the case. There is probably no other building in the state with such a record of confusion, arguments, court battles, and delays behind its construction. Everyone got into the act and before it was over, the Oregon Supreme Court, the House of Representatives, the Senate, the governor, and assorted state, county, and city officials had all had their say about whether or not the courthouse would even be built. It was, finally, but it took almost five years to do it.

But let's go back to the beginning, back to 1854, when Clatsop, a new county, needed a courthouse. It was obvious that the building would be built in Astoria since that was the only sizeable town in the area, but at that time the town was divided into two parts and each part wanted the courthouse.

Col. McClure, the principal owner of property in lower Astoria offered a free building lot if the courthouse was located in his section of the town. General John Adair, who owned most of Uppertown, wanted it built in his section so he doubled McClure's offer. In June, 1854, McClure redoubled and the people decided to take advantage of his offer and build it in lower Astoria. McClure had offered Block 28 for the building site and in addition threw in 15 other building lots which could be sold and the money used to build a new courthouse. J.P. Miner bought some of the lots and Conrad Boelling built the first courthouse getting, for his effort, ten building lots.

Clatsop county had a courthouse but it was a small one, and as time passed and the business of county government grew, it became obvious that the county would have to build a larger one. In 1904, the county court began making plans for a new building and, after a great deal of planning by many concerned parties, they came up with a number of ideas which they sent to architects interested in designing such a building. Edgar Lazarus was chosen to do the work and it began to look as if the courthouse would soon become a reality. But then things began to happen.

April 15, 1904 had been set as the target date for the acceptance of the new plans but Lazarus had to ask for an extension until April 22. Unfortunately, he then came down with a bad case of typhoid fever and was not able to deliver the plans until the end of May.

Meanwhile, local officials were making plans of their own. Early in April they decided to tear down the old courthouse, leaving only the main building and the vault in the clerk's room still standing on the site. The engine house of Astoria Hose Co. No. 1 occupied a portion of the courthouse property and it had to go so city officials decided to move it to the center of Astor street, just east of 9th street. They owned the property and felt that this would be a desirable move since there would be no rent to pay for the site.

On May 19, Lazarus, now recovered from typhoid fever, was in town conferring with the court. W. A. Grondahl, who had prepared plans for the foundation, came along, made tests of the ground, and decided against using pilings. He told the court that it would be more desirable to put down a steel blanket foundation which would be cheaper and stronger. His idea was to put down 16 or 18 inches of sand or gravel, tamp that down and then, where the wall was to be set, put another 16 inches of concrete over that. The basement floor would be built in the same way.

The Clatsop County Historical Society and Clatsop County Commissioners are arranging an open house for Wednesday, between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. at the county courthouse to observe the building's 70th birthday.

Members of the Historical Society will serve refreshments to the public on the occasion.

The new foundation plans were given to the contractors and on June 9 when they opened the bids, it was found that all four bids submitted were within a close range and almost twice what the architects had calculated. Lazarus and Grondahl conferred with the county court while the contractors heatedly denied collusion. A local firm, Ferguson and Houston, insisted that Grondahl's figures had been for the piling foundation while its figure of \$20,987 covered the cost of installing the new concrete and steel one.

The following day, the court met again with Lazarus and Grondahl. They wanted to give the bid to a local contractor but Grondahl insisted that he could put the foundation down for \$12,000 by using day labor. The court heard him out and decided to take the cheapest way. They awarded the bid to Grondahl.

The local newspapers had followed these preliminary maneuvers with interest. The Astoria Budget kept a running account of the early phases of construction in its columns. On June 10, it reported that Kahn steel had been ordered from Detroit by county clerk Clinton, and on June 20, mentioned that work on the foundation had been halted because of rain.

As soon as the sun came out again, Grondahl got back to work. By June 23, he had the grading completed and on June 24, he had moved the old courthouse aside and had begun to haul in crushed rock and sand. By June 27, he had six teams bringing in rock for the cushion. He had this laid two feet thick and then had it covered with sand. Later, this layer would be covered with concrete, reinforced with steel. The Budget also noted that the foundation would extend 13 feet outside the main building.

As it turned out, Grondahl had been right. He had the foundation finished by the middle of August and it cost exactly what he had predicted.

On July 8, the county court awarded the contract for the construction of the courthouse to Hastie and Dougan, a Washington firm, for \$97,351, which was the lowest bid submitted for the terra cotta, stone, and brick building. Ferguson and Houston, who lost out on the foundation bid came in with another bid of \$112,600. The county court at this time announced that it was willing to allow local contractors a \$5,000 advantage but because Ferguson and Houston's bid had been \$15,000 too high, the court had no choice but to award the contract to the lowest bidder, Hastie and Dougan.

The bids did not include foundations, heating, plumbing, electrical wiring or a dome. John Montgomery got the bid for the heating and ventilation with a low offer of \$3,100. Contracts for other parts of the construction went to out-of-town contractors.

Citizens of Astoria began to realize that they would soon have a new courthouse. This called for a celebration. The foundation was completed now and the contractors were ready to go ahead on the actual construction so what more appropriate way to celebrate than to lay a corner stone? County officials were ahead of them and had already ordered a cornerstone — a huge block of Tenino stone handsomely dressed, weighing over two tons.

On August 23, 1904, almost everyone in

the county was in town to take part in the elaborate ceremony. A parade had been planned and at 2 p.m., it formed at the Masonic hall and moved out. It was headed up by the Eagles band followed by 250 members of the order. Other local bands, school children, organizations, and almost everyone else joined the procession as it moved up Commercial Street to 14th, turned north of Bond, and then went westward to 7th. When they reached the site of the new building, Masonic Grand Master Gray officiated at the ceremony which included, besides speeches, a ritualistic service concluded by passing oil, corn and wine over the stone.

A hole had previously been made in the cornerstone and a metal casket had been prepared to hold various documents and mementos designed to give posterity a look at what Clatsop county thought would be important to the future. The Budget, with its usual attention to detail, listed the various articles county officials had chosen to be put into the casket.

The articles included the roll of officers and members of Temple Lodge, a list of the tax levies in the county from 1850 to 1903, a list of the officers of the county, and copies of the Daily Budget, the Astorian, the News, and the Weekly Herald.

Other items included a photo of the old courthouse, a photo of the first postoffice, a cut of the proposed new courthouse, a photo of the first custom house and a picture of Astoria taken in 1904. There was also a historical review of Clatsop county, a photo of the first train from Astoria to Portland along with a copy of the Budget of April 12, 1898, describing the event, a photograph of James and Nancy Welch, builders of the first frame house in Astoria in 1846, and a list of the survivors of the War of Rebellion, now members of Cushing Post, GAR.

The casket was placed in the hollow in the stone and then sealed with concrete

while spectators applauded and cheered. And then, after most of the onlookers had departed, the county officials and others involved in the planning and building of the new courthouse, got together and posed for a photograph taken by Astoria photographer T. E. Peiser.

After the auspicious beginning, it was assumed that work would proceed on the courthouse with all possible haste. On August 29, the newspapers reported that shipments of bricks for the back walls of the building were being received daily and that rock was being delivered at the rate of 6 carloads a week. All of this material was being stored at the foot of 4th street. The contractors ran into a problem of getting crushed rock, however, and the work was delayed for several days. By September 16, the actual work on the stones had begun and the walls of the basement began to take shape.

But on November 17 all work stopped. Warrant buyers had refused to accept any more warrants because of an allegation made by a local citizen that they were illegal. At the time the construction had begun, the court had made a special levy of 2 mills for two successive years and had raised \$15,000, but that money was gone by this time. Warrants to pay for additional construction had been drawn against the general fund. The problem was that the state limited indebtedness of any county at that time to \$5,000 and the warrants would push Clatsop County over that limit. Buyers of the warrants reasoned that if they were illegal, they were also valueless and refused to take additional ones. Because of the sudden lack of funds, Hastie and Dougan stopped work.

Members of the court were puzzled. They were certain that the county court had the right to issue the warrants but it was apparent that if no one would take the warrants, they would have to do something else. They hired Fulton Bros., a local law firm, to investigate the problem. A few days later, Fulton Bros. submitted a written opinion in which they said that the court had no right to make the courthouse contract without providing the necessary funds.

Meanwhile, additional carloads of stone, brick, terra cotta, and other materials were arriving daily. Much of this was stored in the unfinished basement and temporarily covered to protect it from the elements.

The county court was also receiving bids on the plumbing but decided to return them unopened, "owing to the present condition of the proposed new courthouse under the legal opinion of Fulton Bros."

It was obvious by this time that the county court would have to do something drastic.

If it was against the law to do what they wanted to do, the obvious thing to do was to create a new law. So they contacted State Rep. Law who introduced a special bill in the Oregon House of Representatives authorizing the court of Clatsop County to make a levy not exceeding 5 mills for a series of years to raise funds for the erection of the courthouse. The bill was read and passed.

On January 12, the bill was passed by the senate and sent to Gov. Chamberlain for his signature. It was forthcoming and a jubilant county court heard that it now had authority to raise funds for the courthouse, standing forlornly in the typically-sodden Astoria winter.

A few prominent local citizens were not satisfied, however, and instigated what they called an amicable suit, challenging the new bill. A civil suit filed by Asmus Brix, J. T. Ross, F. R. Stokes, and F. V. Boelling restrained the county court and Hastie and Dougan from proceeding with construction. The suit attacked the constitutionality of the bill passed by the Oregon legislature, citing the fact that no debt could be in excess of \$5,000 unless there was an emergency and, according to their ideas, the building of a courthouse could not be termed an emergency.

Ever optimistic, the court went ahead and approved a contract with Hastie and Dougan for construction of the courthouse in accordance with the bill passed by the legislature although the cost had now risen to \$103,000. The opposition completed briefs contesting the validity of the bill and filed them with the State Supreme Court. The case was argued and all parties to the dispute sat back and waited for the verdict.

In March, 1905, the bad news came. The Supreme Court declared that the special bill was unconstitutional and said that Clatsop County would have to build a courthouse without the use of special levies.

The local newspapers were indignant. They pointed out that every other county in the state had indebtedness far in excess of the \$5,000 limitations and mentioned that Portland alone was in debt over \$400,000 but "Had no mossbacks possessed of such infinitesimal souls that they are ready to block any public improvement."

The county court bowed to the inevitable. There was no way they could raise such a sum of money legally so they conferred with architect Lazarus and decided to board up the portion of the structure that was completed. The contractors offered to join a proposed company which would complete the structure and secure payment as it became available. But at this point, C. H. Page, prominent businessman and public official, filed a petition asking that \$64.66 of his taxes on the 1904 tax roll be refunded. The amount, he said blandly, was his share of the courthouse fund.

The Budget exploded. "Thank heaven," it said in an editorial, "it can be said in behalf of this community that this individual is the only taxpayer in the county small enough to file a protest."

At the same time as problems with the courthouse were cropping up, the city had decided to build a city hall. The city drew up plans, got bids, and calmly went ahead with the construction of the structure on 16th street. Ferguson and Houston, unsuccessful bidder on the courthouse, was awarded the contract and the work proceeded on schedule. There were no stoppages and the dedication of the new building took place as scheduled on July 4, following an impressive ceremony. City officials had no trouble with suits, stoppages, or money.

On July 5, Dougan was in town again with a new proposition. His idea was for the county to deed the courthouse square to a company which would complete the building and then lease it back to the county with an option to buy. After some deliberations, the county court turned down his proposition and the following day said that there was no further necessity to attempt to complete the building. They ordered the basement boarded up and sent out for bids to have it done. Frederickson Bros. got the job with a low bid of \$1,100 but

prosecuting attorney Allen refused to prepare a contract because it would be impossible, he said, for the county to raise the money under the Supreme Court ruling. Someone also pointed out that the material in the basement could be replaced cheaper than the cost of a roof so the court finally washed its hands of the entire matter and left the site unprotected.

Following the fall rains, the Budget expressed anxiety for the safety of the public records which were still stored in the clerk's vault. When the contractors tore down the old building they had left the vault exposed to the weather and the constant rains were beginning to seep into the contents of the safe. No one else, however, seemed to be worried about the records so the matter was dropped and the county clerk, presumably, continued to do his work in his open office, exposed to the elements.

In January, 1906, the county tried again. They sent out a letter to the citizens of the county telling of their intent to levy a tax at the January term so that "the desires of a large majority of the citizens of this county may be accomplished." But they did not levy a tax and the half-finished courthouse lay open to the weather for the remainder of the year.

The following December, the court once more called for bids and the ever-hopeful Hastie and Dougan once more got the contract with a low bid of \$89,599, guaranteeing completion before December of 1907. The total cost of the building would now be in excess of \$175,000 or more than \$30,000 more than it would have cost under the old contract. The money to pay for the courthouse had been raised by putting through a special tax.

Hastie and Dougan wanted to begin work at once but unfortunately, the winter that year was a cold, wet one and the firm was not able to begin work until March 18. On March 25, J. M. Dougan arrived in the city with a force of carpenters and stone cutters to begin construction once more. The county court appointed D. D. Palmberg to represent them as a supervisor.

Work went fairly smoothly from this time on. They were building frames for the concrete walls by March 30 and on April 30, they had 35 men on the job. Two weeks later, they began actual construction of the superstructure.

By January, 1908, the courthouse was almost completed. The county opened bids for the removal of the remainder of the old concrete walls by March 30 and on April Stangeland would remove it for the lumber in the structure while Wikla Saxen offered \$5. The old sheriff's office drew a high bid of \$5, and J. Hebleck offered the county \$5 for the old woodshed.

On January 30, 1908, the courthouse finally was completed and ready for occupancy. J. M. Dougan, representing the contracting firm, turned over the completed building to the county court. This time there were no ceremonies.



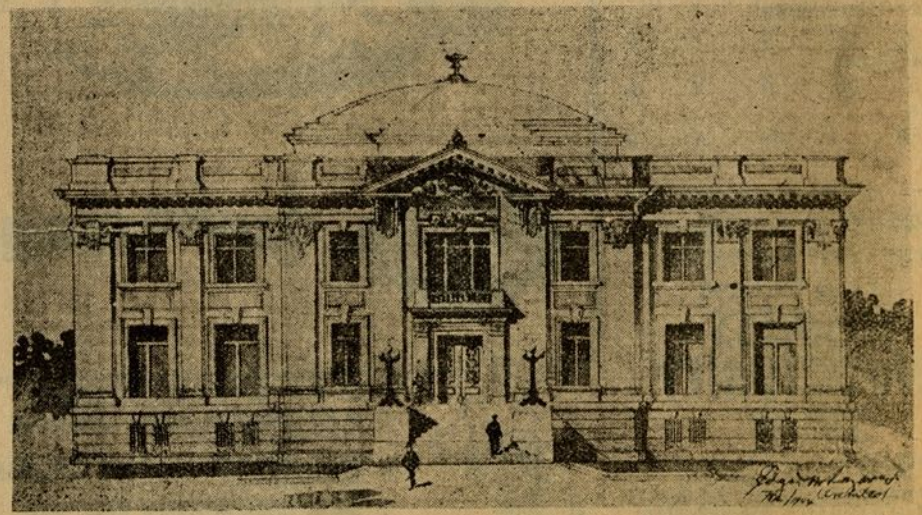
The Clatsop County courthouse, with dome, is at right center of this picture taken shortly before the 1923 fire that devastated the city.



CLATSOP COUNTY OFFICIALS 1904

- |                          |   |                                |                                  |
|--------------------------|---|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 2 C. C. Clarke, Com.     | 3 Wm. Larsen, Com.                          | 10 W. J. Binder, Dep. Sheriff. | 9 A. B. Dalgity, Dep. Clerk.     |
|                          | 1 C. J. Trenchard, Judge.                   | 5 Thos. Linville, Sheriff.     | 4 J. C. Clinton, Clerk.          |
| 14 John Frye, Roadmaster | 7 G. Ziegler, Dep. Clerk.                   | 8 S. G. Trullinger, Dep. Clerk |                                  |
|                          | 15 E. M. Lazarus, Architect New Court House | 13 R. C. F. Astbury, Surveyor  | 11 A. Y. Anderson, Dep. Sheriff  |
|                          |   |                                | 12 F. W. Gardiner, Dep. Assessor |
|                          |   |                                | 6 T. S. Cornelius, Assessor      |

This picture (property of Russell Dark of Astoria) was taken on the site of construction of the Clatsop County courthouse in 1904.



This is an architect's sketch of the Clatsop County courthouse prior to authorization of construction in 1904.



# ASTORIA'S AERONAUTS

By **ROGER T. TETLOW**  
For The Daily Astorian

March 9, 1895, was not one of Mrs. J.W. Welch's best days.

It had started out to be such a nice day, too, what with the sunshine and all, and the Mister out from underfoot, sitting down there by Capt. Flavel's big house, watching that fool aeronaut go up into the air in a balloon. My lands, who cares if he does go up? Mrs. Welch certainly wasn't going to walk down there, just to see that.

And then, of all things, to be startled out of her wits by that horrible crashing and thumping out on her veranda. Who would have thought that the crazy balloonist would come down on her house of all places. And when she rushed out to see what was the matter, there he was lying sprawled all over her nice, clean veranda, tangled up in that long piece of dirty cloth he called his parachute, messing up her potted plants and all.

And if that wasn't enough, to look up and see a howling, screaming mob of men and boys running up the street toward her, jumping over her fence and trampling down her newly mowed grass, just to congratulate the balloonist. Why, her entire yard and veranda were crowded with men, carrying on as if no one else in the world had ever gone up in a balloon. Thank goodness, they had carried the Professor and his parachute away on their shoulders and that was the end of it. But just wait until Mr. Welch came home. She would certainly have a few choice words ready for him.

## MAKING A FAST BUCK

Professor Frank Miller certainly had no intentions of coming down from the skies onto Mrs. Welch's veranda at Seventh and Grand streets when he started out to conquer the Astoria skies. He was simply trying to make a fast buck by being the first man in Astoria to go up in a balloon and come down in a parachute.

The Professor was a veteran balloonist who had made several successful ascensions at the Salem state fair the previous fall. He had come to Astoria with two companions, a balloon, a parachute and an idea. If he could persuade the merchants of the town to pass a hat for him, he would fly his balloon high into the air over Astoria and, after achieving a convincing height, leave the balloon and float gently to earth in his parachute.

He and his friend Miss Lanetta made the rounds of the stores, saloons, and other local establishments of the town and soon found many sympathetic ears. Business had not been too good during the spring of 1895 and the Astoria businessmen were ready to do almost anything to get the farmers from Olney, Skipanon, and other small villages to come into the city to spend their money.

Maybe a balloon ascension would bring them in. They dug deep into their pockets and soon the Professor had enough cash to make his death-defying feat worthwhile.

Miss Lanetta had planned to go up with the Professor when he made his ascent but after seeing the high hills, the open stretches of water, and the many poles and trees dotting the Astoria landscape, she decided that it was too dangerous. The Professor could risk his life if he wanted to but she would rather not.

But she was on hand to help carry the limp balloon up to the vacant lot at Seventh and Exchange, right across the street from the Flavel house. Two tall poles had been set up earlier and from these, the aeronauts hung the balloon with the opening positioned directly over an open fire. After making some adjustments, the Professor and Miss Lanetta sat down and waited for the bag to fill.

The huge crowd which had gathered watched with awe as the cloth bag slowly puffed up as the hot air filled it. It was a big balloon, 68 feet high and 148 feet in circumference when fully inflated, and tugged eagerly at the restraining ropes as it filled. But then, a sudden gust of wind pushed it against one of the poles, tearing a big hole in the taut fabric. With a loud hiss, the hot air escaped and the balloon sagged limply against the pole.

The crowd sighed with disappointment and began to move away, but the Professor quickly got up on a nearby stump and assured them that he would have the rip repaired in a few hours and would then make his ascension. He and Miss Lanetta got out needles and thread and set to work, hoping that the crowd would not disperse before they finished.

Finally, the damage was repaired and the balloon refilled with hot air. The Professor hooked his parachute to the ropes, mounted a trapeze, and signaled that he was ready. Eager hands released the ropes holding the balloon to the ground and it shot into the air at an astounding rate of speed.

## 3,000 FEET UP

According to the Morning Astorian, the Professor reached an altitude of about 3,000 feet in a few minutes. From the ground, the balloon looked no larger than a football and the aeronaut looked the size of an ordinary match.

"The river was a beautiful sight," the Professor said later, somewhat poetically, "as it wended its way from out of the dark blue hills to its home in the glistening ocean which loomed up a broad, silvery sheet to the westward."

"I guess I reached a height of fully 3,000 feet before I parted company with the balloon, and from that altitude, I had a magnificent view of the country around Astoria.



Photo courtesy of the Clatsop County Historical Museum

March 9, 1895: The balloon in position directly over an open fire at Seventh and Exchange. It was soon to fill up.

At a height of 1,500 feet, a terrific wind was blowing and both going up and coming down, I swayed fearfully. Above this, though, the air was perfectly calm."

A great shout of horror came from the crowd of gaping onlookers as they saw the Professor suddenly fall away from the balloon. But then his parachute opened and he gently fell towards the earth in a steady descent, while everyone below sighed with relief.

The balloon, the instant it was relieved of the passenger and parachute, turned bottom side up and a great cloud of black smoke poured out into the clear air. The balloon soon assumed the shape of a great, twisting serpent, and struck the ground several minutes before the parachute.

In the meantime, the Professor had been drifting down and it was seen that he was pulling on the ropes now and then in an attempt to control his landing. He aimed for a vacant lot but a last-minute gust of wind drove him away from it and cast him up onto Mrs. J.W. Welch's veranda, where he landed, safe and sound.

The following week, Professor Miller made a second ascent with his balloon, again financed by the local merchants. It was another clear day and the flight was a complete success with the Professor coming down safely, this time in the vacant lot opposite Judge Page's residence.

A year later, a local boy turned aeronaut came to Astoria with his balloon, determined to profit from the people attending the Astoria Regatta, then going on. George Weston Daggett had heard about Professor Miller's success in Astoria in 1895 and had come to town to duplicate the Professor's feat.

Daggett set up shop at the corner of Ninth and Bond, sharing a vacant lot with T.O. Newman's merry-go-round. He put up two poles, built his fire, and then moved through the crowd which had gathered on the nearby streets to solicit funds.

Apparently, the pickings were not too good because the Morning Astorian later reported that Daggett made a short speech, saying that he had always been proud of his birthplace — Astoria — but that he no longer felt like claiming it as his home. Be that as it may, he had promised the crowd a thrill for its money so he continued to make preparations for his flight.

## ROPE WAS FRAYED

As he took his position on the trapeze bar, some of the spectators called his attention to the frayed condition of one of the two ropes which attached the trapeze to the parachute. Daggett shrugged with disdain and motioned them to cast off the lines.

The balloon went up swiftly to a thousand feet, moving

slowly toward the southwest. When he had achieve his maximum height, Daggett cut the ropes holding him to the balloon and began to float downwards.

But then, one of the ropes holding the trapeze broke and Daggett and his suddenly-collapsed parachute began hurtling towards the city below. Seeing that he was falling too fast, the aeronaut began throwing off as many articles of clothing as he decently could. But it didn't do him much good. He continued his swift descent and the horrified viewers saw him fall to earth with a crash in the backyard of Mr. Duffy's residence at Fifth and Harrison.

When they arrived at the scene, the crowd found George Watson Daggett lying in Mr. Duffy's garden in a crushed condition. He was carried to the hospital, still alive, and was examined by Dr. Bartel, who found that he had suffered a concussion, a broken collar bone and a broken ankle.

Because of the sudden fall of the aeronaut, most of the people of Astoria paid no attention to the free balloon, which twisted and turned its way over the hills of the city, emitting clouds of black smoke. One young boy who lived on top of the hill watched it with interest, however, and after it had disappeared into the dense wilderness of the south side of the hill, he went after it. Two days later, he and a companion appeared in town with the limp, black bag tucked into a wheelbarrow, which they had pushed all the way over the hill, hoping to be rewarded for their effort.

## DAGGETT RECOVERS

Daggett soon recovered from his injuries. Some of his bills had been paid by the merry-go-round owner who donated all of his receipts from three days to help the unfortunate man. Others chipped in too, and Daggett left town soon afterwards, not too unhappy about his balloon ascension.

George Weston Daggett, however, was apparently not cut out to be an aeronaut. A year later, he was killed in a balloon accident in California while attempting another ascension.

Many other balloonists came to Astoria during the next few years to demonstrate their ability and their fearlessness but somehow, they never aroused much interest around town. After all, nothing they could do would ever top the exploits of Professor Miller and George Weston Daggett.

A native Astorian, Roger Tetlow is a historian and former newspaperman whose writings have been published in numerous periodicals. He is the author of "The Astorian," a biography of 19th century Astoria publisher DeWitt Clinton Ireland.



**T**HE PEOPLE OF Astoria have seen many strange sights in the last 170 years but none stranger than the mad chase a few lucky denizens had the good fortune to witness on the evening of April 16, 1899, as they sat in the depot of the Astoria & Columbia River Railroad depot, waiting for the 11 o'clock special to leave.

The participants in this bizarre event were a varied lot with little in common except for a stubborn feeling that each was in the right and that each would win out. As it turned out, none of them won anything.

Leading the pack was John L. Sullivan, once heavyweight boxing champion of the world but at this time merely a traveling vaudeville man, entertaining small-town audiences across America with his "burletta". He had brought his 30-member troupe to Astoria for a one-night stand. Unfortunately for him, he had chosen a Sunday for his performing date. He was trying to get out of town before he was arrested.

**CHASING SULLIVAN WAS** Constable Wickman, one of Astoria's finest, who had been given a warrant to serve on the Boston Strong Boy, as Sullivan was called. He may not have approved of the warrant or of the job he had to do but duty was duty with Constable Wickman and he let nothing stand in his way of fulfilling that duty. He knew that the only way out of town that night was by the 11 o'clock special. It was his duty to be at the station at that time and stop Sullivan from leaving town.

Hot on the heels of the Constable was the Rev. W.R. Hollingshead, pastor of the Astoria Methodist-Episcopal Church, one of the leading lights of the Astoria Ministerial Association. He also was an ardent advocate of Oregon "blue laws," laws intended to protect the sabbath from intrusion by theatrical events of any kind. He had signed the warrant against Sullivan and was determined to be at the depot to see Constable Wickman serve it.

**THE FOURTH MAN** on the trail that night was L.E. Selig, manager of Fishers Opera House. A tiny but doughty man, he had been conducting a running battle with Rev. Hollingshead over Astoria entertainment licenses. He had booked Sullivan and his troupe into his theater, knowing well that Rev. Hollingshead would try to stop the show. The show had been stopped, but Selig was determined to see that Sullivan got out of town unscathed.

Perhaps some mention should be made of the some 700 Astorians who had paid good money that night to see Sullivan's burletta and had been deprived of that pleasure by Rev. Hollingshead. Many of these irate citizens also were on the move that night, running along the planked roadway which led from downtown Astoria to the depot out on 21st Street. Some of them wanted to help Sullivan while others simply wanted their money back.

According to the newspaper report published the next day, Sullivan got away, Constable Wickman didn't get to serve his warrant, Selig was arrested, the citizens didn't get their money back, and Rev. Hollingshead became a very unpopular man about town. No one won except perhaps Sullivan, who certainly reaped columns of good publicity in newspapers all over the country because of his spectacular escape from the law.

Afterward, the people of Astoria began to put the pieces of the puzzle together to find out what caused the great chase. This is what they found.

**THERE IS NO** doubt Selig began it all. He had a good thing going with Fishers Opera House. He would have been happier except that the city fathers of Astoria had a few months before voted to levy an entertainment tax on all theatrical performances in the city for which an admission charge was made.

Selig didn't mind too much paying such a tax but, as he said later, if he paid it, everyone else in the business should have to pay it too. When he said that, he was referring to Rev. Hollingshead, who had in recent months been booking lecturers into his church and charging admission.

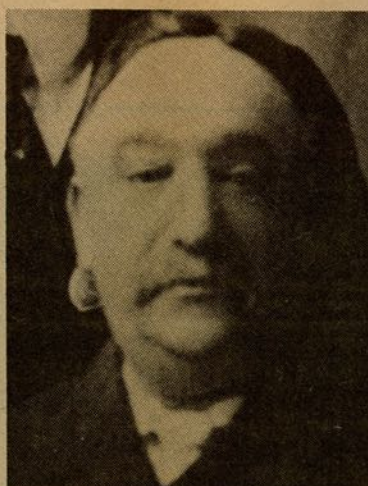
The city fathers tried to ignore the angry Selig, accepting the reverend's reasoning that the church lectures were not entertainment and therefore not subject to a theater tax. Selig was beaten but unbowed. He returned to his opera house, determined to have revenge on Rev. Hollingshead.

**AND IT WAS** just about this time that Sullivan came to town with the show he called a "burletta".

His days as heavyweight champion were over and he was trying to cash in on his fame by touring the country with his collection of vaudeville acts, playlets and exhibitions of scientific boxing.

"My show can lick any other touring show in the world," he boasted, and in some ways, he was right. Included in his traveling menagerie were such sterling acts as Edwards & Edwards singing illustrated songs, Lon Reechfort and Ada May doing parodies and funny sayings, the "up-to-date" Ryeford Sisters, and Stanford & Lea in their "Original Talking Act". Sullivan himself appeared in the musical number "A Trip Across the Ocean" and, in a finale, he usually put on a four-round sparring match with the once-great Jake Kilrain, a had-been boxer from a better day. It was all good, clean entertainment, Sullivan claimed, and, for the times, it was.

Selig had booked the Sullivan show into the



Clatsop County Historical Society

L.E. Selig

minister in four rounds. And he had such confidence in his own ability and punching power that he hoped to slip one over on the champion, putting him out of business. He trained faithfully for the event, punching big bags of sand and going up against wooden planks. It was said that he could break a six-inch plank with a blow of his fist.

The fight took place in the old Ross Opera House. Alex Gilbert, an old-time Astorian, was in Sylvester's corner, and the smart money around town was on the big fisherman.

Sullivan's seconds were horrified to see that Sylvester had been covered with oil and his stomach wrapped with four yards of blue flannel. Sullivan shrugged off their protests.

They shook hands and squared off. About 15 seconds into the first round, Sullivan hit the Frenchman a terrific wallop on the forehead and Sylvester went down. He got up and went down

tried by a jury that Monday and found not guilty.

Rev. Hollingshead then secured a warrant for the arrest of Sullivan. This was given to Constable Wickman to serve. He was cautioned, however, to serve it only if John L. actually appeared on stage. The other members of Sullivan's troupe apparently were not breaking the law if they performed, for no other warrants were issued.

Wickman was at Fishers Opera House that night, warrant in hand, waiting to see if Sullivan would dare appear on stage. He found a comfortable seat and passed the time by watching the opening numbers of the show.

After a few vaudeville turns by members of the cast, the comedy act "A Trip Across the Ocean" came on. This was merely a short skit but it did feature Sullivan in the role of a ship's captain. Wickman leaned forward to see if that nattily-dressed captain was really his quarry. It was hard to tell.

Sullivan had been warned that the constable was in the audience. He knew he would be arrested as soon as Wickman was sure it was him. He made a hasty exit from the theater the moment he arrived home from "A Trip Across the Ocean", still clad in his ship captain's uniform. Surrounded by friends and admirers, he left by the back exit without Constable Wickman being aware of his departure.

While Sullivan headed for the train depot, the show went on. Wickman watched carefully but as time went on and there was no sign of Sullivan, he knew the wily ex-champion had gotten the best of him. But he also knew that the only way out of town that night was by the Victoria Special and it didn't leave the depot until 11 o'clock. He left the theater, moving swiftly along the plank streets to the depot.

Sullivan arrived at the almost-deserted depot. The special was waiting on the tracks, fired up and ready to leave on time. But Sullivan realized that Wickman would sooner or later figure out that he planned to be on it and would come to the depot to stop him. He bribed an employee to give him a set of fireman's coveralls, a neckerchief and a hat. He put these on quickly, stepped into the cab of the locomotive and took his place in front of the open firebox, ready to go into his act if Wickman showed up before 11.

**HE DIDN'T HAVE** long to wait. Wickman came running into the depot area, waving his warrant and looking for his quarry. John L. bent over the woodpile and began pitching chunks of wood into the firebox, trying to keep his face in the shadows. Wickman glanced into the cab and then moved through the cars, looking for Sullivan. By this time, others were arriving on the scene and many of these tried to stop or at least slow the search.

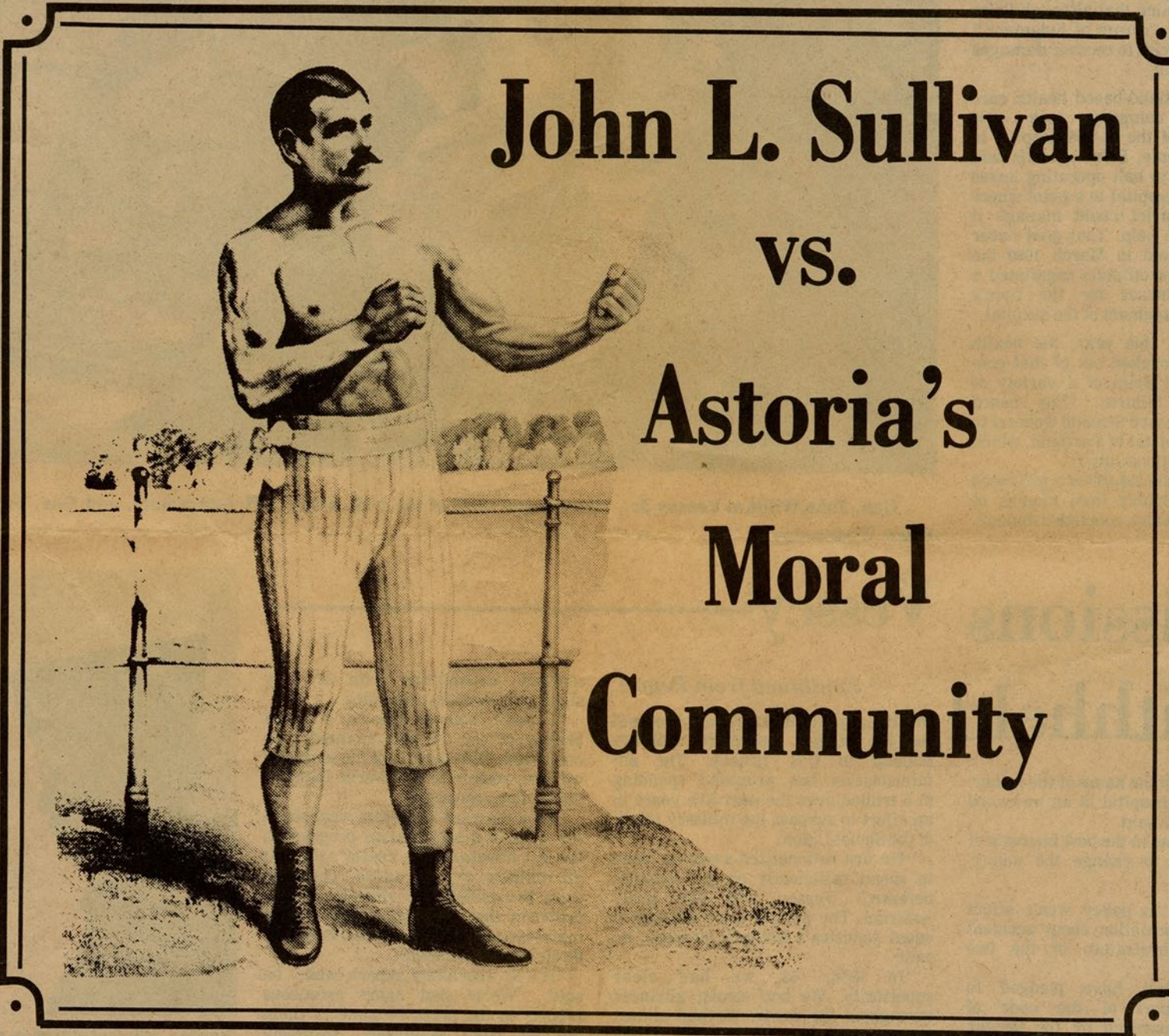
Sullivan glanced at his watch. Eleven o'clock! He tossed in several more pieces of wood and then, as the train began to move, could not resist the temptation to needle the law-loving Wickman. He leaned out of the cab and waved cheerily at Wickman who suddenly realized that the grimy fireman was none other than John L. Sullivan. He began to run after the fleeing locomotive, vainly waving his unserved warrant, but it was too late. The special moved along the trestle toward Alderbrook with Sullivan inside, grinning and waving at him.

The next day, after his court appearance, the infuriated Selig took his attorney and went to call on the district attorney. He wanted to swear out a warrant against Rev. Hollingshead and against a Chaplain Batemen whom the reverend had booked into his church for a paid lecture. Entertainment is entertainment, he insisted, and Rev. Hollingshead was breaking the law by running a theater without a license. Cooler heads prevailed, however, and he dropped the charges.

Following Selig's victory in the courthouse that day, the Astoria Daily Budget commented: "The minister succeeded in perverting the appearance of Sullivan in the sparring exhibit, thereby disappointing about 700 people. The ultimate outcome of the disturbance in the opera house last evening should be a lesson to many who are always prying into other people's business. Reform is a good thing if attempted in the right way. Otherwise, it becomes nauseating."

The following year, Rev. Hollingshead resigned from his church and left town for other parts where his efforts at reform might be better appreciated.

A native Astorian, Roger Tetlow is a historian, avid researcher of old newspapers, and editor of CUMTUX, the Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly. His writings have been published in numerous periodicals. His book, "The Astorian," is a biography of 19th century Astoria publisher DeWitt Clinton Ireland.

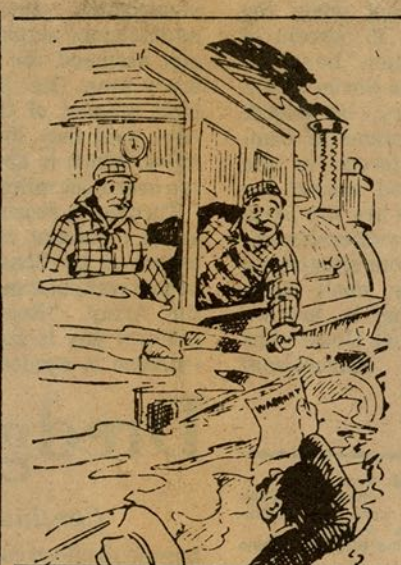


By ROGER TETLOW

Fishers Opera House but in a mixup, found too late that Sullivan's only open date was Sunday, April 16. That was all right with Selig who knew that the Boston Strong Boy could draw a paying crowd any day of the week. But it was not all right with Rev. Hollingshead. "Sunday is a sacred day," he declared, "and the sabbath shall not be profaned in our town by the immoral entertainment of a beat-up prize fighter."

Adding to the general confusion was the rather dubious reputation the great John L. already had around town because of what had happened in 1886, the last time he had hit Astoria. He had been champion of the world then and was in his prime, but he had left under a cloud after damaging one of Astoria's citizens in a rare display of fistic power.

**HIS OFFER OF \$500** to anyone who could stand up to him for four rounds looked like easy money to a big French fisherman named Sylvester Legowriff, or Peter Sylvester, as he was called. Sylvester thought that by his immense size — he weighed 340 pounds — he would be able to assimilate all the punishment Sullivan could ad-



The Chicago Chronicle illustrated Sullivan's escape from Astoria.

again. At this point, he wanted to quit and began pulling off his gloves. But at the urging of his friends he went back into the ring. Sullivan laid him low with one final punch. It took his seconds 15 minutes to revive him. As soon as he was able, Sylvester ran from the hall and plowed straight into a brick wall which put him out for another half-hour.

Poor Legowriff! He did regain consciousness but never was right after that fight. Not long afterward, he was shipped off to the insane asylum in Salem and died there many years later, a wrecked monument to the power of Sullivan's fists.

The shrewd Rev. Hollingshead was able to invoke to his advantage the memory of this brutish display of power. By the time John L. and his company arrived in town, the reverend had an impressive group of high-minded individuals backing him.

**HE WENT INTO** action. He swore out a complaint against Selig, charging him with violating the law by conducting a play on Sunday. Selig was arrested and put up \$50 bail to ensure his appearance in court the following Monday. He was



### Editor's notebook

### Not Too Long Ago

By Roger Tetlow



# Judge Elliott's white house

Judge Milton Elliott was a true gentleman.

A tall man whose height was accentuated by the high silk hat he always wore, the judge was an ancient fashion plate whose like Astoria will never see again. He always wore a long Prince Albert coat of black cloth, a black silk stock, and carried a gold-headed cane. No matter where he was or what he was doing, this was his habitual costume.

Judge Elliott came to Astoria when the town was very young. One of his sisters — Susan — had married John M. Shively in Virginia and accompanied her husband to his new job as the first postmaster of Astoria. Her sister, Olivia, decided to go along to the new country, too, and because she was a maiden lady, the judge came along to watch over her.

He was here when Col. John Adair of Kentucky arrived at the little American settlement to set up the first customs house on the Pacific Coast. Mary Ann Adair describes her first meeting with Elliott: "Old Judge Elliott also did us honor when we first arrived, attired in a high silk hat, afternoon coat and cane. When I saw him, I thought that perhaps the Adair family had not left all of the amenities of life behind."

Col. Adair and his family arrived in Astoria in 1848, at a time when there were only a few families living in the tiny community. The McKeanes were here as were James Welch and Col. John McClure. Shively and the Elliotts had arrived some time before as had A.E. Wilson.

It was a tight community. There were only a few houses at the time and when the Rev. Ezra Fisher arrived, he found that he would have to build a house if he was to stay. He constructed one of clapboards, all taken from the same fir tree. It had no windows but he did have three stools, two chairs, two cups and four saucers. There were no streets at the time but Fisher's house would be located today just south of the corner of 15th and Exchange streets.

When John Shively arrived from the East with his post office commission, he bought the little house from Fisher and immediately began to improve it. He added windows, two galleries or porches, and planned to bring in additional furniture from Virginia, but he had to use part of the house for a post office. Mrs. Shively, however, was proud of her new home and stipulated that only one room on the first floor could be used for the post office. So the Shivelys moved in accompanied by Olivia, and the judge went to Oregon City to practice law.

Then, in 1849, gold was discovered in California. There wasn't much business in the post office then — there were only 25 people in the town — so Shively left the office in charge of David Ingalls and left for the gold fields. While he was gone, T.P. Powers, a new resident of Uppertown, got the commission as postmaster and moved the post office to that area and the little house on 15th Street was once again only a home.

It was about this time that Elliott moved back to Astoria to live with his sister Olivia in the little white house.

The only way to get to the house was by going down a steep flight of steps



Clatsop County Historical Society

Standing before the first post office west of the Rocky Mountains are, left to right, Bridget Grant, Clarinda Strong, Olivia Elliott and August Hildebrand.

from what was later to be 15th Street. There was a well at the bottom of the steps, and a path leading to the house. Elliott owned a lot 100 feet on 15th Street by 150 feet on Exchange and this was really too much land for the judge to keep up; but he refused to sell any of it. He liked to sit in his rocking chair on the second floor gallery and look out over the harbor. He refused to let anyone block that view.

Finally in about 1889, John Dement, an early day druggist, bought a part of the property and put up a house but he was careful to build it so as not to block the judge's view. Until Johnny Erickson bought the corner and built his greenhouse there, no one ever dared to build on that corner. But it didn't matter, for by that time the judge and his sister, Olivia, were both dead and the little white house was vacant.

But in the days when the Elliotts lived there, it was the social center of the town. Col. McClure, who was a bachelor at the time, spent many hours at the house playing backgammon with Olivia while Mrs. Shively played on the tiny piano, perhaps singing "Listen to the Mockingbird," one of her favorites. Others would drift in and out, enjoying the music and the cultured talk of the elegant judge. Many of them wondered why the colonel and Olivia never married but it was generally decided that the maiden lady refused to leave her bachelor brother to cope with life

alone. McClure apparently tired of the backgammon games and married an Indian girl, a direct descendant of Chief Concomly, and that ended his visits. But the Elliotts stayed there for the rest of their lives.

Elliott was a brilliant lawyer and practiced in Oregon City and Eastern Oregon. He never sought political office but remained on the outside of the official life of Astoria, practicing law and spreading culture through the tiny town. Those who knew him said that his main characteristic was his unfailing courtesy.

Neither Judge Milton Elliott nor Olivia ever changed the style of their garments; they always wore the costumes in vogue during their youth. They both looked as if they had stepped forth from daguerreotypes of the 1850s.

Olivia always wore full skirted dresses over wide swaying hoops. She had lovely old shawls and wore hats flat in the crown with a brim dipping back and forth and a ribbon crossed in back. She wore her hair in ringlets, framing her ears.

Those were quiet days in the town. The few people who lived here were quiet folks, content to get along by selling some land occasionally. All of them except for the Elliotts, called themselves speculators and each family had a part of Astoria. Adair had Uppertown while Shively and Welch had the middle portion, while Col.

McClure settled down into what was to become the principal business area of Astoria. The Elliotts never did have anything but their little piece of land at 15th and Exchange but they were content and lived out their lives quietly and peacefully.

After the judge and Olivia died, the little white house gradually sagged and settled, slowly turning into an unneeded structure. It remained there for many years, however, often being pointed out as the home of the first post office west of the Rocky Mountains. But it finally fell and was razed to make way for other things. The stairway was torn out, the ground filled in, and the well disappeared. Johnny Erickson built his greenhouse, forever blocking the judge's view. But by that time, no one cared if the view was there or not.

The marker placed there only commemorates the site of the first post office. There is no mention of Judge Milton Elliott and his sister, Miss Olivia.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** A native Astorian, Roger Tetlow is a historian, avid researcher of old newspapers, and editor of CUMTUX, the Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly. His writings have been published in numerous periodicals. His book, "The Astorian," is a biography of 19th century Astoria publisher DeWitt Clinton Ireland.

Sen. Mark Hatfield almost had his audience in tears as he enumerated the difficulties President Reagan's economic game plan is having. It was a doleful recital of good intentions gone wrong. Only the big guy who doesn't have to borrow money is making it, the senator said. Everyone else is suffering from high interest rates and inflation that refuses to recede.

You could cut the gloom, it was so thick. And then he said, "But, I don't want to sound like a pessimist because I'm not a pessimist."

Maybe not. But it seemed to me it was the most impressive display of pessimism I'd seen in some time.

I'm not an admirer of Reagan economics. I especially deplore what high interest rates are doing to the wood products industry upon which so many Oregonians depend for employment. But I haven't, in all I've written on this page about the shortcomings, misdirections and faults of Reagan economics, worked it over as thoroughly as Mark Hatfield did in about 30 minutes at a Monday morning breakfast meeting arranged by the City of Astoria. He slashed Reagan economics from ear to ear and put it away with a knee in the groin.

A few days earlier, in the same room, Sen. Hatfield's colleague, Bob Packwood, said it was up to you and me to make Reagan's economics game plan work and if we didn't put everything we had into this last opportunity to save the nation we'd have only ourselves to blame.

Packwood wasn't willing to bet next week's salary that the President's game plan will work. He isn't going quite that far. But he had some good things to say about it and, all in all, his performance was in marked contrast from Hatfield's. Hatfield was scrooge in spades.

He knows that. He was asked for his reaction to a prediction by Packwood that interest rates would

I've been told that I'm in the wrong place; that this is a bad place for an optimist because he can't win here. I submit that this community needs nothing so much as it needs more optimists who think the place has a lot going for it and are convinced that a chronically depressed economy is going to get on its feet and run.

This community has many optimists who don't live here working for it. They're in government, education, business and industry. They're certain that a place with so many assets is going to break from the forces of adversity that have tortured it for so long. I'm with them.

These are not the best of times, and that's an understatement. The nation is going through a revolution comparable to that of the early days of the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration. Ronald Reagan, like FDR, is faced with an economic crisis.

Conditions aren't as bad now as then. I don't expect this country ever again to suffer the agonies of the Great Depression. But Reagan is dealing with an unprecedented condition of high interest rates, double digit inflation, high unemployment and runaway deficit financing of the federal government.

He is determined that the only way out is to undo much of what FDR put in place. I don't know whether he can pull it off but I'm sure hoping he does. I agree with Sen. Packwood. The public's attitude is an important factor. We have to think that what Reagan hopes to accomplish can be realized.

Here, in this community, I see much about which to be optimistic.

Forces outside the community are putting together a complex and costly arrangement for moving coal from the Rocky Mountains to Japan, Korea, Taiwan and China. The Port of Astoria is in the forefront of their planning because



Daily Astorian  
Oct 3 - 1981

Not Too Long Ago

# Rauma Singh's cremation



By ROGER TETLOW  
For The Daily Astorian

Rauma Singh was dead!

Wm. C.A. Pohl probably sighed with annoyance when he heard the news. As coroner of Clatsop County, it was his duty to drive up to St. Mary's Hospital to pick up the remains and consign them to the county plot at the cemetery. Rauma Singh, a Hindu millworker, had been without relatives or funds and, in his final bout with tuberculosis, had been a county charge. Clatsop County had paid for his hospital care and would have to pay the burial costs.

But over at the Hume mill, three other Hindu millworkers probably heard the news with a different reaction. Rauma Singh was dead and, even though he had been without money or family, he was a Hindu and his remains had to be disposed of in the traditional manner. The three men promptly left work, dressed in their best Hindu garments, and went downtown to claim the remains.

Coroner Pohl listened to their request with astonishment. He had never heard of such a thing! Rauma Singh could not be cremated, he told them. Neither the city nor the county had a crematorium and there was no money available to have it done at Portland.

The spokesman, D. Nana Singh, explained that they were not asking the city or the county to cremate the remains of Rauma Singh. On the contrary, it would cost them nothing. D. Nana Singh and his two companions G.L. Saigel and G. Angaram would take care of all of the details and burn the dead Hindu's body in the traditional Hindu manner.

Gently, Wm. C.A. Pohl explained that such a thing was impossible. He had no authority to release the body and even if he could, public policy of the country and the county did not permit the cremation of a body outside of an approved crematorium.

The three Hindus refused to give up. They left the coroner's office and went

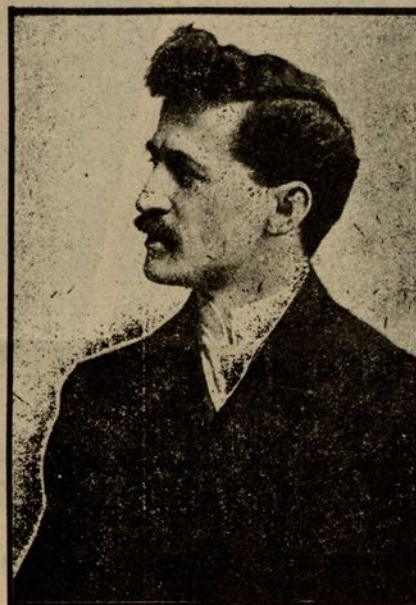


Wm. C.A. Pohl

to see P.L. Cherry, British vice consul for the area. Since they were citizens of India and since India was at that time a part of the British Empire, they felt that the genial Englishman would help them.

Vice consul Cherry listened to their request and was sympathetic. He had lived in India, was familiar with the burial customs of that country, and could not see why the Hindu request should not be granted. After consulting with Coroner Pohl, he had the three Hindus write a letter to Thomas McBride, circuit court judge, requesting permission to cremate the remains of Rauma Singh in the approved Hindu manner. Cherry added his endorsement and then had Pohl add another letter in which he said that he had no objections to releasing the body but felt that he could not legally do so without permission of the court.

Judge McBride read the three letters



W.S. Gilbert

and promptly ordered the coroner to release Rauma Singh's body to the other Hindus on condition that the cremation be held outside city limits and under the surveillance of responsible citizens.

The Hindus selected a cremation site in Williamsport, outside the city limits and yet close to the entrance of the city park road. After clearing a space in the forest, they built a pyre of dry cordwood, 3 feet wide, 7 feet long, and 2 feet high. A smaller pyre was built nearby and everything then was ready for the actual ceremony.

Early on the morning of Nov. 2, 1906, a solemn procession made its way down the road from the city park. Deputy coroner Max Pohl led the way, assisted by city physician Mohn; the sheet-wrapped body of Rauma Singh followed in a horse-drawn carriage, accompanied by many of Astoria's prominent citizens. They arrived at the

cremation site and formally turned the body over to the Hindu millworkers.

The Hindus went about the ceremony in a businesslike manner. They wrapped the body in a woolen blanket and placed it on the pyre. They then piled another 5 feet of dry cordwood over and around the remains. Meanwhile, another Hindu had kindled the small pyre and melted 12 pounds of butter in a tin bucket over the small blaze.

The funeral pyre was kindled and was soon blazing fiercely. One of the Hindus took a dipper full of melted butter and poured it into the flames, chanting at the same time. This was the extent of the ceremonies bystanders observed.

The Revs. William Seymour Short and W.S. Gilbert, who were present as representatives of the city's churches, stood nearby, watching intently as the ritual unfolded. They were impressed by the dignity of the Hindus and the simplicity of the ceremony.

All that day, the Hindu millworkers stayed at the scene, tending the fire and occasionally pouring more melted butter on the blaze. One of them explained to the spectators that the butter was used for "sanitary purposes."

During the evening, the fire was allowed to die and it was soon apparent to all that the body of Rauma Singh had been entirely consumed. At this point, the Hindus gathered up all of their belongings and left, satisfied that they had fulfilled all of the requirements of their religion and had done their best to see that Rauma Singh had been cremated in a proper and accepted Hindu manner.

A few ghoulish citizens later kicked through the ashes looking for bits of bones to take home as souvenirs but most of the spectators left quietly.

Through the years, the place where the cremation took place vanished under a protective screen of Oregon's fast-growing underbrush until finally, there was no sign of the funeral pyre.



# Ireland left legacy of print

10-19-81

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Pioneer Astoria newsman DeWitt Clinton Ireland was inducted into the Oregon Newspaper Hall of Fame at a ceremony Friday in Salem. Each year, five distinguished Oregon journalists are added to the rolls of the hall of fame in the old Marshfield Sun building in Coos Bay. Columnist Roger Tetlow prepared the following history of Ireland, founder of The Daily Astorian and one-time mayor of Astoria.

By ROGER TETLOW

In the fall of 1862, a red-headed, bearded young man named DeWitt Clinton Ireland joined the small staff of the Portland Oregonian as local reporter and the first city editor. A fine printer, experienced publisher, and first-class reporter, he moved through the state for the next 51 years, founding some newspapers and editing others, always setting a good example for other newspaper publishers by his insistence upon clean typography, forceful editorials, and accurate, concise reporting. He was one of the first editors in the state to turn his back on the then-prevailing Oregon style of journalism, refusing to exchange printed insults and libelous statements with other editors.

Although he found neither fame nor fortune in his chosen field, DeWitt Clinton Ireland was a major force in pushing Oregon journalism from its pioneer stage into the modern era.

**HE WAS BORN** in Rutland, Vt., on July 4, 1835, and his parents, William and Miranda Ireland moved to Indiana in 1840. He attended grammar school and then, at the age of 14, was apprenticed to Schuyler Colfax, publisher of the St. Joseph Valley Register at South Bend, to learn the printing trade.

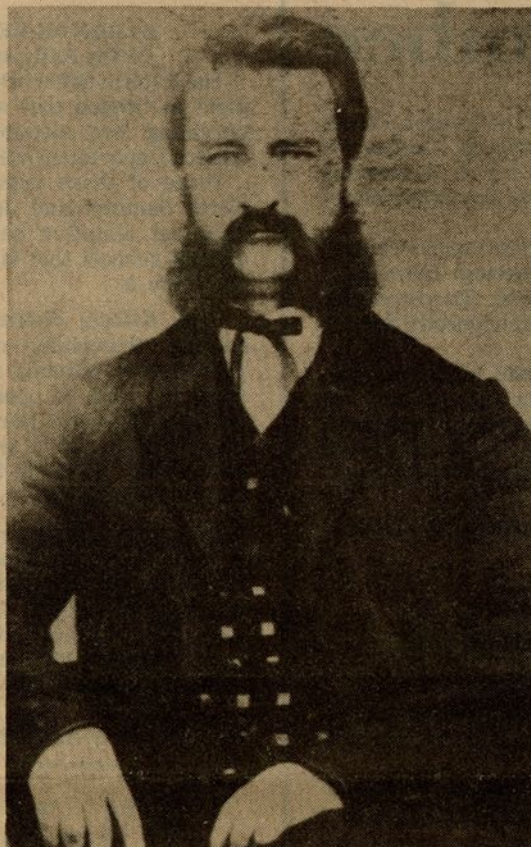
Ireland completed his apprenticeship in 1855 and promptly went into the newspaper business on his own, setting up a new weekly called the Mishawaka Free Press at Mishawaka, Ind. Ireland's first weekly was published under the slogan "Free Speech, Free Press, Free Labor, Free Kansas, and Fremont."

After 13 months of continuous publication, Ireland sold the Free Press and the new owner promptly changed the name of the newspaper to the Mishawaka Enterprise. It is still being published today under that name. The first newspaper DeWitt Clinton Ireland founded that has lasted more than 100 years.

During the next few years, Ireland held a variety of positions in a variety of places. He was reporter for Wilbur Storey of the Detroit Free Press and covered the first Republican convention at Charleston, S.C. He served as reporter for the St. Paul Pioneer Press, and was superintendent of the penitentiary printing plant at Jackson, Mich., and while there, invented the side arms for the Gordon job press. He worked for Horace Greeley at the New York Tribune, and was a printer for Harper & Brothers, book publishers.

In 1862, he packed up his wife and young son and, driving a team of mules, crossed the Plains in 161 days from Council Bluff, Iowa, to Portland. While passing through The Dalles, he set up the first job press — a Gordon — ever put into commission east of the Cascades for W. H. Howell of The Dalles Mountaineer.

In Portland, he got a job as local reporter and first city editor of the Oregonian and in this capacity, was responsible for hiring young Harvey Scott as an editorial writer, an act he often regretted later when the two editors were battling editorially over navigation on the Columbia River, and the dominance of Portland over Astoria.



DeWitt Clinton Ireland

**IN THE FALL** of 1866, Ireland was ready to try his hand at publishing again. With the help of financial backers, he founded the Oregon City Enterprise on Oct. 27, 1866, the second newspaper he founded that has lasted more than 100 years. The new publication was set up to boost the Willamette River eastside interests in the battle to establish the first Oregon-California railroad. Ireland fought on the side of Ben Holladay but in doing so, lost his financial supporters, and the Enterprise was sold out from under him. It was turned into a Democratic paper under the editorship of D. M. McKenney.

When Holladay set up the Portland Bulletin to compete with The Oregonian, he hired James O'Meara as editor and Ireland as local editor. It was a good newspaper but Holladay was soon caught up in financial difficulties and the Bulletin was sold to a stock company. DeWitt Clinton Ireland was once again without a job.

But just at that time, a group of Astoria merchants were looking for an experienced newspaperman to set up a newspaper in Astoria. He went there to meet with them and on July 1, 1873, put out the first issue of the Tri-Weekly Astorian. It was the third newspaper founded by Ireland that has lasted more than 100 years.

The Tri-Weekly Astorian was a neatly printed, five-column, four-page paper which found instant acceptance in the Lower Columbia area. But, because of the financial panic of 1873 and one of the coldest winters in history, he was forced to cut it to a weekly in 1874.

From the first issue, Ireland began hammering away at the issues which would dominate the Astorian for the next seven years. He was determined to make Astoria the main shipping port on the Pacific Coast and pushed the advantages Astoria had over Portland, Kalama, and St. Johns.

He knew that a railroad was essential for the growth of the town and boosted any move to build one. He pushed for good roads for farmers, more and better housing for the town, and an end to immoral conditions along the waterfront.

Financial conditions improved, the town grew, and in 1876, he put out the first issue of The Daily Astorian. He built his own building, purchased a new press and type, and by the time he left Astoria, The Daily Astorian had one of the best-equipped plants on the Pacific Coast.

**IRELAND WAS ELECTED** mayor of Astoria in 1876 and again in 1880. He was an Oregon delegate to the Republican convention at Chicago in 1880, where he served as James Garfield's private secretary. He was also elected a member of the Republican National Committee.

His personal life during those years in Astoria, however, was not as placid as was his professional life. Two of his sons died at Astoria, and his wife went insane and had to be committed to the state asylum in east Portland in 1881. She died there in 1900.

Because of these personal problems, Ireland sold The Daily Astorian in the fall of 1881 for \$8,000 in gold. He resigned as mayor and with two of his employees, went back to Portland to set up a printing business. The firm prospered but Ireland wanted to get back into the newspaper business and persuaded his associates to publish a business journal — the Portland Commercial Herald. The Portland Journal of Commerce, its principal competitor, was too well-established, however, and within a short time, the Commercial Herald was sold to and merged with the Journal of Commerce.

Ireland sold his interest in the printing firm to Frank Baltes and went to McMinnville where he bought the Yamhill Reporter. He and his partner, E.L. White, changed the name to the Yamhill County Reporter and began to build it up. But Ireland did not like McMinnville and in 1887, sold his interests in the Reporter and moved back to Astoria where he founded the Daily Pioneer. Despite his reputation and his standing in the town, he was never able to get the new paper off the ground and within six months, was forced to sell it to pay his debts. He worked as a printer for other local publications for a few years and then tried again, bringing out a new paper called the Astoria Express in 1890. It also failed within a few months and Ireland, seeing the handwriting on the wall, left Astoria forever.

**DURING THE NEXT** few years, Ireland moved through the state, editing newspapers including The Dalles Chronicle and the Wasco Sun. In 1893, he and his two sons, Francis Connor and Clinton Leonard, bought the Moro Observer and changed its name to the Sherman County Observer. They battled other newspapers for supremacy in the field and finally, in 1902, found themselves the dominant newspaper in the county.

DeWitt Clinton Ireland remained in Moro for the rest of his life, editing the Sherman County Observer. He aged and mellowed during those years, gradually turning into a kindly country philosopher, calling himself the O. Man.

He died in 1913 and is buried at the Zion Memorial Park Cemetery near Canby, Oregon.

But the three newspapers he founded — The Daily Astorian, the Oregon City Enterprise and the Mishawaka Enterprise — are all still being published — printed memorials to one of Oregon's finest pioneer newspapermen.



Daily Astorian  
12-4-81

Not Too Long Ago

By Roger Tetlow



# Special delivery

Astor Street in 1942 was something to see.

It has all vanished with the passing of the years and the changing of the morals, but in those days, sin and sex were sold on Astor Street. Everyone knew about it, everyone condemned it publicly and everyone tolerated it privately. Astor Street was an Astoria institution for many years.

I personally visited every house on Astor Street and met most of the ladies of the evening in them. I was a callow youth, but even so, I probably know more about the houses on Astor Street in 1942 than almost anyone else alive. I'm not sure it's something to boast about, but it's true.

**I DID, HOWEVER,** go there on business and not for pleasure. The ladies and I met only because I was the bearer of good tidings and my presence meant that they could stay in business for another month.

In 1942, the houses were running wide open, catering to the many Navy men in town. Apparently, the authorities tolerated the practice but they did the best they could to make sure disease was kept to a minimum by having all the ladies take physical examinations periodically. The doctors examined the ladies and, if they were healthy, issued them health certificates. But it took several days to make the tests, so the certificates had to be delivered later by Western Union. And that is where I came in.

At the time, I was attending Astoria High School and working during the afternoons, evenings and weekends at the local Western Union office on 12th Street. I took my bicycle to school and

after classes ended, coasted down to the office to work from 4 to 10 on weekdays. I also put in two eight-hour shifts on weekends — all for \$15 a week.

There were other boys working the same shifts. — Bob Harris, and at times, Charles Winchester, our singing telegram boy. He had a good voice and didn't mind doing this type of thing. I always begged off this chore since I never could carry a tune more than halfway around the block. There were other boys too, but with the passing of the years, their names and faces have vanished from my memory.

**ELMER SWAYZE MANAGED** the local Western Union office. He was a homely man but very kind and friendly to the messenger boys. When telegrams came in on wet, stormy nights, he always tried to deliver them by telephone. But if this didn't work, he had to send one of us out on a bicycle to deliver it.

Mrs. Swayze was a stout friendly lady who usually came in during the evenings to sit and chat. She always wore a fur piece around her neck and carried a poodle. She was as pleasant as her husband and constantly was bringing in cookies and butterhorns for the boys on duty. Always solicitous of the boys' welfare, she saw to it that we were dressed for the weather, whatever it might be, and always sent us back into the locker for extra clothing if she thought we needed it.

On the nights when the health certificates came in, Swayze called over the boy whose turn it was, handed him the bundle of certificates, and said, "Now, don't take out the tips in trade."

Mrs. Swayze always tried to look shocked when he said that. She said, "Elmer, such a terrible thing to say to a child." They would both laugh then and look at us. I suppose it was an old Western Union joke but it was new to us and we always enjoyed it although I am sure that some of us were not quite sure what he meant.

Astor Street was a dark place with few lights and little traffic. It had an old-fashioned appearance with rows of buildings down each side. There were signs on most of them such as the Star, the Dixie, the Rex, and the New Richmond Hotel. This last one was the fanciest house on the row, although from the outside it didn't look like much. There was a single door in front which opened to a narrow staircase leading to the second floor.

**AT THE TOP** was a kind of storeroom presided over by an elderly woman. I'm not sure what they sold in the room but can remember piles of linen and other items, placed carefully on shelves. She was in charge of letting people in and out and always barred the door from me until I showed her my pile of certificates. I carried them in my hat and they were usually a bit soiled from the Rose hair oil we all wore then. After she pawed through them, she opened the door and allowed me to enter the sacred premises.

The main room was a large, open area with small doors leading off from it. It was brightly lighted and rather garishly furnished with modern steel furniture and jukeboxes here and there. There were usually six or seven girls sitting around, chatting with assorted gentlemen. All of them, incidentally,

seemed to have to blow their noses when I appeared because they all got out handkerchiefs immediately and held them to their faces. Even so, I did recognize a few of our more prominent citizens sitting there but I always assumed that they, like me, were there on business.

The girls at the New Richmond Hotel were all young and pretty, in contrast to some who worked the smaller, cheaper houses. They wore beautiful low-cut evening dresses or colorful satin or silk beach pajamas.

And they had strange, exotic names such as Daphne Delight, Rose LeFleur and Candy Kidd. I even remember one called, of all things, Rosetta Stone.

The girl whose name I had on the certificate would take me into one of the small side rooms, read the note, and then give me a two-bit tip. In those days, that was good extra money.

**THERE WERE OTHER** houses, small wretched places, where a woman would come to the door, peer out anxiously, and then reappear with the inevitable tip. Poor things! Most of these were old and homely but were apparently doing the best that they could with what they had. How they competed with places like the New Richmond, I have no idea, but I assume they had cheaper rates.

Well, it is all gone now. Astor Street has vanished, the Western Union office is no more, and I have heard that Elmer Swayze is dead. The boys have scattered to other places and no one delivers telegrams anymore.

And sometimes, I feel like a part of the vanished past myself.



Daily Astorian  
12-14-81

Not Too Long Ago

By Roger Tetlow



# The wandering tombstone

Occasionally, I wander up to the small park at 15th and Exchange just to make sure the McTavish tombstone is still there. It's embedded in concrete now and would be difficult to move, but even so, this particular stone has a long history of moving.

Last winter, the Astoria City Council approved a request made by the Astoria Historic Buildings and Sites Commission to have it moved again, this time to the new maritime museum. This is a move that I don't agree with. Donald McTavish was not a seafaring man and had nothing to do with the sea or with shipping. He did drown, but that hardly qualifies him as a maritime man.

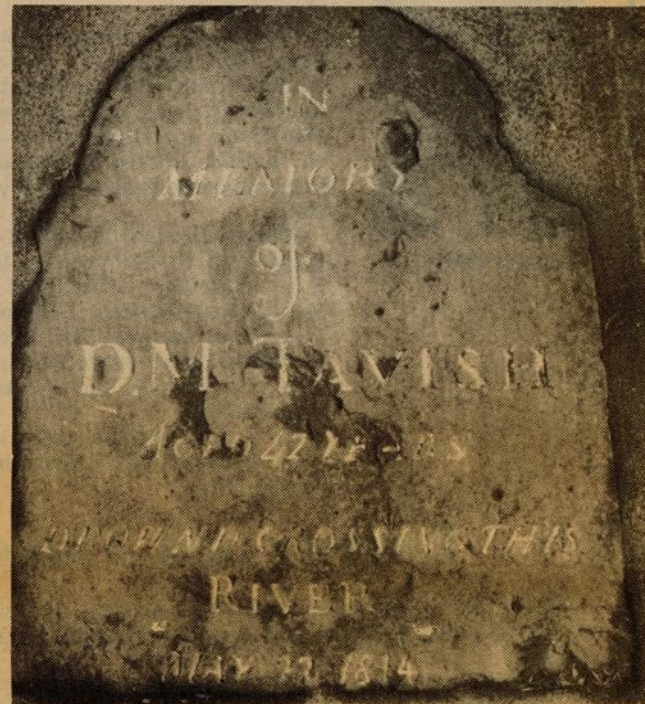
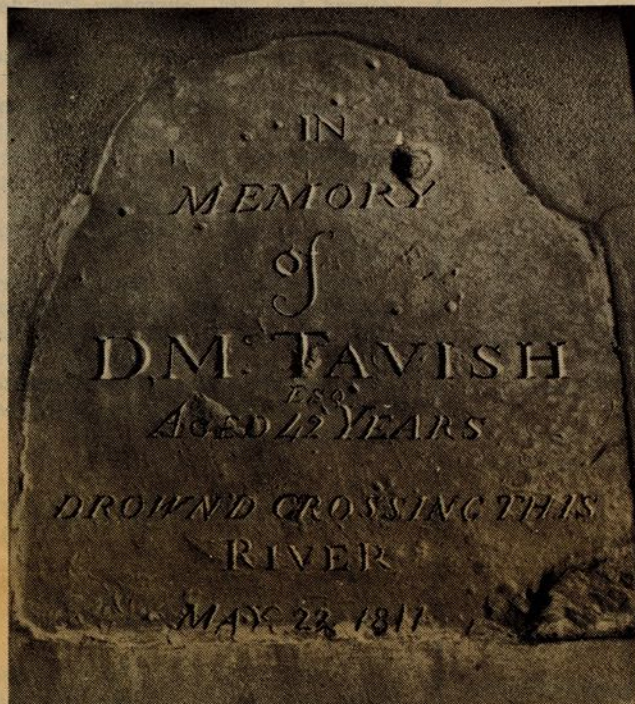
No, if the tombstone is to be moved again, it should be to the Clatsop County Historical Society Museum until a suitable shelter can be built for it. The McTavish tombstone is the most historical relic Astoria has, and it should be suitably protected and displayed.

**WHO WAS DONALD McTavish?** He arrived in Astoria on April 17, 1814, as the new British governor of the small colony. He was employed by the Canadian Northwest Fur Company and was sent from England on the ship Isaac Todd. McTavish brought with him as a personal companion the first white woman to arrive in the Oregon territory — the beautiful barmaid of Portsmouth, Jane Barnes — but that's another story.

Unfortunately, McTavish didn't last long in Astoria. A month after he arrived, McTavish and six other men left the fort and started to row across the river to where the Isaac Todd was anchored. Halfway across, the boat capsized in the rough water and McTavish, Alexander Henry and four others were drowned. Joseph Little, a carpenter, managed to make it to shore by floating on an oar. McTavish's body drifted ashore at North Head two days later.

According to Peter Corno, McTavish was buried there because of unfriendly Indians but was dug up the following fall and reinterred in Astoria. Ross Cox, however, says that the body was brought to the fort immediately. The grave was on the east side of a small stream which formerly seeped out of the ground near the corner of 16th and Grand, flowed down the hill along present-day 16th Street, and then trickled into the Columbia River south of where Prael & Cook's stable once stood. Today, that site is just under the southeast corner of the former Astoria City Hall.

**AFTER A BURIAL** service was read by Capt. Robson, the coffin was lowered into the ground, and a railing erected around the site. As was the custom in



The McTavish gravestone as it was in 1948, left, and in its deteriorated condition today.

those days, the Isaac Todd carried a few tombstones as a part of the ballast. One of these was taken out and, as Cox says, "tolerably well engraved," and set at the head of the grave. This is the same tombstone which can be seen today at 15th and Exchange.

Legend has it that there were other tombstones there at one time, including one marking the Alexander Henry grave. But these vanished with the passing of time although one account says that they later were found at the Masonic Temple site, at that time located where the old armory is. Perhaps they are still there, buried along with other debris.

Eventually, as the community grew, the small cemetery had to be moved. Exchange Street was pushed through and at that time, workmen came across the old tombstone and a few items still in the grave. The tombstone was taken up the hill and put up in a small cemetery at the corner of 14th and Irving, directly under the house later erected by August Danielson.

In a few years, the town had grown in that direction and a decision was made to move the tombstone again to the new cemetery on top of the hill, at that time called Hillside Cemetery. The wandering tombstone was put there and for a few years, it remained in one place.

In 1904, someone noticed that the McTavish tombstone was missing. He

hurried downtown to spread the news and immediately, a great outcry arose. Where had the McTavish tombstone gone? They searched everywhere but could find no sign of it.

**AND THEN ANOTHER** citizen happened to visit the Portland City Hall and was surprised to see the McTavish tombstone on display there. Horrified, he hurried back to Astoria to spread the news. Immediately, Astorians from the chamber of commerce to the City Council began to ask questions. Who in Portland had stolen the McTavish tombstone?

Finally, George Himes of the Oregon Historical Society admitted that the McTavish tombstone had been brought to Portland by some civic-minded Astorians who he declined to identify. They had told him that they wanted the tombstone protected. He declined to return it until Astorians could create a large fund to care for their relics.

This did not set too well with some Astorians. J.Q.A. Bowlby and James W. Welch headed a movement to get the wandering tombstone back again. For a few weeks, charges and counter-charges flew back and forth between Astoria and Portland, and a move was begun to find the scoundrelly Astorians who had dared to give Portland one of the town's most precious relics. But finally, F.G. Young, secretary of the Oregon Historical Society, wearily

gave in and sent the McTavish tombstone to Astoria on the first riverboat heading in that direction.

**NOW, IT WAS** obvious to Astorians that the tombstone would have to be protected, both from the elements and from theft. The City Council was asked to set aside the southeast corner of Lot 5, Block 120, Shively's Addition to Astoria as a site. This was the small area at the southeast corner of the Astoria City Hall, between it and the armory, as close to the original site as possible. The chamber of commerce raised funds and put up a steel netting around it and for a number of years, the McTavish tombstone remained in that location.

But when the armory was built, the tombstone had to be moved again. To discourage theft, the stone was set into concrete in the small park at 15th and Exchange where it has been since.

But a brief examination of the tombstone will show that the elements and vandalism are slowly destroying it. The lettering is becoming illegible and there are several holes on the surface, probably made by vandals. It either should be better protected where it is or it should be moved to a sheltered location.

One more move certainly will not hurt the wandering McTavish tombstone.





# Astoria's unsung 'mayor'

Poor John Pike!

He was one of those unfortunate individuals who wander through life, searching for fame and for riches over the next hill while ignoring the opportunities to be found at his own feet. John Pike could have been one of the wealthiest, best-known pioneers of the Pacific Northwest but instead died in modest circumstances, almost unknown in the cities he helped create.

He arrived in the area early, traveling across the plains in 1852 with teams and wagons. His party included his son, Harvey, and four nephews. One of these was 16-year-old Daniel Warren who later became famous as the founder of Warrenton. The other three nephews were Frank, P.C. and George Warren.

Pike's party joined a company in Illinois, then being organized by Thomas Mercer. Others in this company included Aaron Mercer, the Rev. Daniel Bagley, Daniel Drake and Dexter Horton. All of these men later became rich and famous as founders of Seattle.

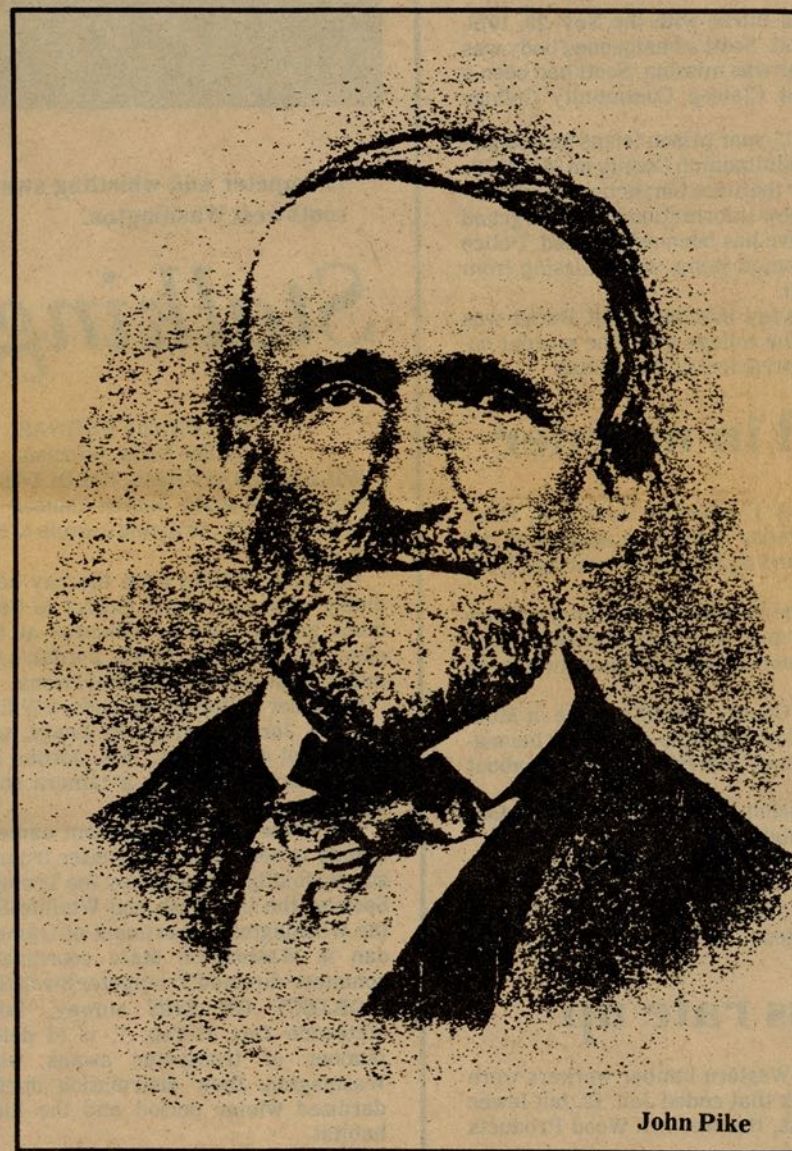
The 14 wagons left the Missouri River on May 24 and arrived at The Dalles on Sept. 2, 1852. At Portland, the party split up. The four Warren boys went down the river to Astoria while the Mercer party headed north to the Puget Sound area. Pike and his family turned south and went to Corvallis where they settled for six years.

IN 1858, JOHN Pike tired of Corvallis and headed north to join his old companions who had settled on Puget Sound. He arrived at the small log settlement of Seattle and built a house for his family on what today would be the northeast corner of Second Avenue and James Street, in the heart of today's downtown Seattle. Pike Street is named for John Pike.

His skills as a builder, architect and carpenter were welcomed in the new city by the founders, and he soon achieved recognition as a man who would help to build the city.

When they set to work to build a university on the log-covered hillside of the tiny town, it was John Pike who designed that first building and the one who did most of the framing. His son, Harvey, painted the building. And both of them helped to grub out the stumps and clear the land. This building later became the first public library.

Harvey Pike, John's son, settled on a piece of ground between lakes Washington and Union on what was then known as "the portage." The two Pikes liked the site and thought



John Pike

it would be possible for them to dig a toll canal across the low neck of land which connected the two lakes and actually began construction on it, using only hand shovels and wheelbarrows. They did succeed in building a ditch of sorts there but their foresight proved to be valid later when the great canals connecting the lakes were built at the same spot.

JOHN PIKE WAS not satisfied with Seattle's progress so he sold out and came to Astoria where, he figured, the opportunities were greater. He set up a painting and decorating business here with his nephew George Warren. In 1865, Warren & Pike were advertising in the Astoria Marine Gazette, announcing that everything in their line was executed in the best manner and on short notice. They specialized in ship

and steamboat painting but also did house painting, sign painting, and other ornamental work.

John Pike became one of Astoria's leading citizens during his residence here and was elected as one of the town's first mayors. Actually, the title "mayor" was not used then and was not adopted in Astoria until 1873 when Capt. William F. Kippen was elected as the first official mayor. Kippen was a sea captain who settled in Astoria, operating a saloon called the Monitor, located at what is now the southeast corner of 10th and Commercial.

But Pike was elected president of the Astoria town council, a position equivalent to mayor, and held that position for two terms, beginning in 1864. Some of his fellow council members included John Hobson, Charles Stevens, and Charles L.

Parker. Conrad Boelling was the town treasurer while W.H. Gray acted as town marshal.

Astoria wasn't much in 1865 but the town did have some problems and the city council, under Pike's leadership, set out to do something about these annoyances. One of the first ordinances they passed ordered all owners of lots fronting on Chenamus (Bond) Street between 2nd and 9th streets to "clear off all stumps, logs, trees, and other obstructions opposite their respective lots to the middle of Chenamus Street, and also to construct a wagon road 10 feet in width for use by the citizens of the town."

ASTORIA MUST HAVE had problems with guns even then because the council also passed an ordinance making it illegal to shoot off firearms within the corporate limits of the city. The penalty was set at \$5 and costs for each offence, plus confinement in jail for not more than two days.

And it was about this same time that the county decided that they needed a jail. Pike got the contract to build it. It was to be of wood, 22 by 22 feet, and well-built. He offered to build it for \$759 in gold or \$1,200 in U.S. legal tender notes. Obviously, Pike did not trust paper money.

During that summer, Pike also platted the city's first official cemetery and received \$8 for his efforts.

But once again, he decided to move on to greener fields. He sold out his business, packed up his family and his possessions and moved north again, this time to Point Roberts. And eventually, he moved on to Orcas Island where he died on Nov. 22, 1903 at the age of 88. His wife, Helen, had died at Ilwaco in 1896.

His son, Harvey, must have returned to Seattle because he was there in 1870, platting his land between the two lakes as "Union City." In this, he reserved a strip of land 200 feet wide for his proposed canal. But by 1878, Harvey Pike was back in Astoria, working as a house painter. The canal he had dreamed about for so many years was built by others.

There is nothing in Astoria today to remind us that John Pike and his son ever lived here, but at least Pike Street in Seattle is still there and as long as its lasts, the Pike family will be remembered as members of the original Seattle settlers.

But wouldn't it be nice if Astoria had a Pike Street too?





# Astoria's tong war

The Hip Sing and the Bing Kung Bow Leong tongs had been at peace with each other in Astoria's Chinatown, living side by side for two decades. Both were branches of powerful and wealthy tongs which were throughout the Pacific Coast; and local members liked members of each other's group. But in 1922, an incident in Butte, Mont., sent chills of fear through the residents of Chinatown. A Hip Sing Tong member had killed the president of the Bing Kung Bow Leong Tong there, and that meant war.

In the next two days, two Hip Sings were killed in Seattle while a Bing Kung Bow Leong member had been killed at Butte and another in San Jose, Calif. And in Astoria, a young Chinese man was picked up by Police Chief Leb Carlson who found him armed with two revolvers. He insisted that he had been a resident of Astoria for more than a year but the police could find no one who could identify him.

**THE MORNING ASTORIAN** commented the next day, "Hidden like hares in burrows, quaking in terror of fierce and ruthless killers, the tong members among Astoria's Chinese residents dared not walk the streets, nor quit the comparative safety of their homes."

Local attorneys Edward E. Gray and Charles W. Robison met with tongsman and found that they were willing to maintain peace but were all in fear of outside gunmen who likely were to appear at any time to wreak vengeance.

Two weeks later, a report came out of Astoria's Chinatown that three Bing Kung Bow Leong tongsman had stolen into town and were hiding somewhere in the maze of Chinese buildings near sixth and Bond streets. Chief Carlson added two additional police patrols in the area.

The Hip Sings had asked for police protection for their headquarters. The Bing Kung Bow Leongs, on the other hand, denied the presence of outside gunmen.

On April 8, 1922, Carlson noticed an automobile traveling in an erratic manner. He jumped on the running board, ordered the driver to pull over, and found that the three Chinese men in the car were holding Ray Shanty, owner of the Richmond Garage, a captive. They had forced Shanty to drive them around town for two hours with the blinds on the big touring car drawn.

When Carlson got them to police headquarters, he found three revolvers lying on the floor of the car. All three men denied that they were tong members but when it was found that they had come to Astoria from Seattle, the police suspected that they had been sent to kill enemy tongsman. The following day, local Chinese bailed the three out of jail and vouched for their good behavior.

**AND THEN ON** April 18, violence suddenly broke out when Go Yet, a 45-year-old cannery foreman and member of the Hip Sing Tong, was shot down in a drug den at the rear of a Chinese restaurant at 125 Ninth Street. He had been sitting at a table smoking, the police believed, yenshee (opium pipe scrapings). He had been hit seven times although later police discovered that five bullets had done the damage. The gun was found in a nearby woodpile.

The proprietor of the drug den, who fled during the shooting, was found by police in his quarters at Eighth and Bond. He denied any knowledge of the shooting although he was found to be a member of the Bing Kung Bow Leong Tong. He was released the following day for lack of evidence.

Shortly thereafter, five, Chinese

appeared before Sheriff Nelson and asked to be locked in the county jail for their own protection.

A coroner's jury later found that Go Yet had come to his death at the hands of unknown parties. Local Chinese were reluctant to testify even though the police suspected that the killer's name was known to most of them. Carlson, disgusted, said that if there was any more trouble, he would "wipe out Chinatown." He said that the Chinese had an understanding with him that no killings would take place in Astoria.

**AFTER THREE RIFLE** shots rang out on the evening of April 26, wounding Ah Quong, a 52-year-old cannery worker and member of the Hip Sing Tong, Carlson kept his promise and with several officers went into Chinatown. They broke down more than 40 doors, tearing the Chinese out and taking them to the city jail. They confiscated gambling devices, dozens of opium pipes, drugs, guns, knives, and hatchets.

The raid started at the Bing Kung Bow Leong headquarters at 326 Bond Street. It was from this building that the unknown gunman, firing from a small window, shot Ah Quong. Dozens of people had been on the street near the post office when the firing began. Rifle bullets had carved slashes in the concrete sidewalk on the southwest corner of Eighth and Bond, and then had glanced off to hit other buildings. Mrs. Nell Titus at the Palace Hotel was almost struck by one which entered her bedroom.

The police also raided the Hip Sing headquarters at the northwest corner of Eighth and Bond, and cleaned it out too. In one of the rooms, a complete telegraph outfit was found, capable of receiving and sending long-range messages.

A 32-year-old Bing Kung Bow

Leong tongsman was arrested and charged with assault with a deadly weapon. He was found in a gambling den at 326 Bond immediately after the shooting.

**THINGS REMAINED QUIET** for several weeks but then on the morning of June 10, two Chinese members of the Hip Sings walked along Bond Street carrying innocent looking paper bags. They approached a store owned by two aged Chinese, Lum Quing and Seid You, at Sixth and Bond. Seid You was carrying a crate of strawberries outside when the men halted in front of the store, grasped the paper bags in a peculiar manner and then fired guns through the paper. Seid You slumped to the ground with three .38 caliber bullets in him. Two more shots were fired into the body and then the two men turned and fled down Commercial Street. Seid You died almost immediately. It was reported later that the dead man had been an important member of the Bing Kung Bow Leong Tong.

Later, police stopped a car near Warrenton and arrested a Chinese man from Seattle, who, local Chinese said, was a dangerous tong gunman of the Hip Sing Tong. He was identified by two witnesses as the tall man who had been one of the killers of Seid You.

And this ended the Astoria tong war. Apparently, the score had been evened by this final killing. It was announced that the local Hip Sings and Bing Kung Bow Leongs had signed a peace agreement on June 20 in Seattle.

In Astoria's Chinatown, local Chinese who had been hiding in secret dens along Bond Street, came out and began going about their business without fear. It was as if nothing had happened.





# 'Dutch Frank' meets his end

"Head him off at Columbia Beach!"

That was the cry that went up in 1920 when an armed posse mounted on a jolting Ford automobile, cornered "Dutch Frank" Wagner, notorious yeggman and escaped convict, in a chicken coop at the D. English ranch at Columbia Beach.

Although completely outnumbered and outgunned, Dutch Frank decided to fight and in the ensuing shootout, the posse killed the notorious outlaw, marking the end of a three-month search for one of America's most famous safecrackers.

It is all ancient history now. Dutch Frank lies in Riverview Cemetery, the members of that famous posse have scattered and died, the Kallunki store is gone, and even the famous gunfight has been forgotten except by a few crime buffs. But there was a time when the Kallunki caper filled the pages of Oregon newspapers, causing the good folks to mutter darkly about what the world was coming to.

**WHAT DOES THE Kallunki store** have to do with it? That's where the story began in August 1919. Walkter Kallunki's general merchandise store at 221 W. Bond catered mostly to fishermen and their wives, selling them clothing and cashing their checks. He was quite happy with his store and his lot in life until he came to work on Aug. 16, and found that someone had cleaned out his safe, taking more than \$10,000 in gold, currency, Liberty bonds and checks. To add insult to injury, the thieves had cut a hole in the floor, another in a wall, and a third in a trapdoor. And, they had blown his safe to pieces.

The police soon decided that it had been a professional job. The safe had been opened with nitroglycerin, and it had been done relatively quietly since no one in the neighborhood admitted to hearing anything. The thief had come up from the beach below, had gone under the store, and then had drilled a hole in the floor of the building. He had to drill two more holes before he finally got to the safe but once there, had gone quietly and efficiently to work and had soon departed, taking all of Kallunki's money with him.

Nothing happened for the next week. Police went about town, questioning suspicious characters, trying to get a lead. They had no luck at all until Aug. 23, when 10-year-old Otto Erickson happened to find about \$4,500 worth of certificates of deposit and war savings stamps cached under the wooden planks of Taylor Avenue about 10 blocks from the Kallunki store. Police assumed that the safecracker had discarded this part of the loot finding it too difficult to dispose of.

**AND THEN THERE** was nothing—no clues and no leads. Soon, rumors began to fly about town. Folks began to talk about Kallunki and his loss. Was it possible, they wondered, that Kallunki had robbed his own store? There were those who insisted that there was something funny about the whole affair. Crooks could not crack a safe and then disappear, leaving no trace. It had to be an inside job.

ASTORIA EVENING BUDGET ASTORIA, O

## SAYS HE ROBBED KALLUNKI STORE SAFE AND DID THE JOB WITHOUT ACCOMPLICES

Noted Safe Cracker Goes on Stand in Preliminary Hearing of Albert Meadors and Tells Story of How Deed Was Done. Meadors Bound Over by Justice Carney.

"I did the job myself and all alone," said Frank Wagner, alias Frank Barrett Saturday afternoon in testifying concerning the robbery on the night of August 15th of Walter Kallunki's store safe. Wagner was a witness in the preliminary hearing of Albert Meadors, who was bound over to the grand jury by Justice F. J. Carney on the same charge. Wagner had waved preliminary hearing when his trial was set, saying he would talk later. He told a complete story Saturday on

vest so as to have dry clothing."

"You are a pretty good cracksmen, are you not?" asked Attorney Fulton.

"Didn't you see some of my work?" came back the reply with the snap.

"Yes, but I wondered why you bored so many holes in the floor and partition and I supposed some one helped."

"No one helped me, there was no one watching on the outside and I bored the holes to get through as to break partitions makes too much noise," was the answer.

"After the robbery I walked under the road for a long distance, then changed my clothes, hid the principal part of money and coming onto the roadway, walked into town. I met a motorcycle cop on the way. That afternoon I went back and brought the balance of the money and liberty bonds in a satchel."

"I met Meadors when we were both serving time in the penitentiary, but had not seen him for over a year until I met him in Astoria shortly before noon on Sunday, August 17, two days after the robbery. He had absolutely nothing to do with it and was not in Astoria at that time."

"No one gave me a tip about Kallunki's store. I just took a chance, but I didn't expect to get over \$300 or \$400. I used common dynamite to blow the door and I never counted the money. I didn't care enough about it."

Asked if he had spent the whole \$3000, that was stolen, Wagner said: "It was all spent excepting what you gave me and \$180 of that belongs to Meadors. He won it shooting craps. I never carry a burglar's kit. I have no use for them in my line. The heavy satchel you inquire about contained something more dangerous than burglar's tools. There were six quarts of whiskey in it."

When asked if Meadors was helping him to make a getaway, Wagner answered: "I should say not. I have made many a getaway and didn't need my assistance this time. Meadors was simply my guest on the trip and I paid all the expenses. Clergy helped me sell a Liberty bond in Omaha, but Meadors was not implicated in any way. Clergy was always dissatisfied."

While Wagner talked freely about most of the circumstances connected with the robbery and his movements in and about Astoria, he closed up like a clam when asked certain questions. For instance he refused to tell where he stopped in Astoria before and at the time of the robbery, but said he roomed at the Meadors home after the

Albert Meadors and Frank Wagner. Albert Meadors who was bound over to the grand jury by Justice

He posted a \$1,000 reward, hired a private detective, and even paid the police for following up out-of-town leads. But nothing happened. There were no breaks in the case.

About a month later, it was announced that police in St. Joseph, Mo., had picked up three men and were

sending them back to Astoria to stand trial for the robbery. They were "Dutch Frank" Wagner, known in police circles as "The Three-Minute Safe Man", and Al Meadors and James Clergy, two paroled convicts. They had been traced to that city by Sheriff Nelson and Deputy Bakotich, who had tracked the

trio from Astoria to The Dalles, to Lava Springs, Idaho, back to Portland, and then to St. Joseph.

When it was learned that the trio had been captured, Kallunki, who had borne most of the expenses of the search, said, "The world looks brighter today now that my name has been cleared and unjust insinuations have stopped."

In those days, justice was speedier and Meadors, train robber, and Clergy, burglar, were in the courtroom by Oct. 18. Wagner was a witness for the defense and insisted that neither of them had anything to do with the Kallunki robbery. Wagner said that he had acted alone and had joined the other two men at a later time. The prosecution was unable to shake his story and finally sent the two men back to the penitentiary as parole violators.

**FRANK WENT ON** trial a few weeks later and was found guilty, receiving a 40-year sentence from Judge Eakins. Before he left, he turned over to Kallunki a new six-cylinder Buick, a camping outfit, extra tires, two auto robes, a watch, and \$100 in cash—all that remained of the money he had taken from Kallunki's safe. He apologized for spending so much of the loot.

Frank became a model prisoner before escaping from the penitentiary on Sept. 8, 1920. He disappeared, but the warden thought that Frank might return to Astoria so he sent a man to keep a watch for the escaped convict. Sure enough, Frank was spotted walking down the main street of Astoria. The warden was notified and he immediately organized a posse and headed to Astoria, picking up several Multnomah County deputy sheriffs on the way.

Frank had been followed to Columbia Beach so the posse knew where he was holed up. Unfortunately, the posse was not familiar with local roads and when they reached Miles Crossing, they turned left, heading for Youngs River Falls. After a few miles, the posse discovered its mistake, turned around and this time got on the right road.

They arrived at the D. English place about noon and surrounded the place. Near the house was a combination chicken coop-blacksmith shop and the officers could see Frank in there, busily engaged, as they found out later, in sharpening his burglary tools. After the posse members were in position, the warden called out to Wagner to surrender. Wagner, however, answered by stepping to the door and firing two shots, both of which missed their marks. He then ducked into the coop and crouched, ready for the coming battle.

It didn't last long. The posse opened fire and riddled the flimsy coop with a hail of bullets. They waited, and when there were no answering shots, they cautiously approached and found that Dutch Frank Wagner was dead, killed by two of the posse's bullets.

Frank's body was taken to the Clatsop County morgue where it was viewed by long lines of morbid Astorians, curious to see the famous outlaw laid out at last. Two days later, Frank was buried in Riverview Cemetery.